# THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

*A Sporting Paper; devoted to the Turf, the Ring, the Angler, the Hunter—News, Literature, Fashion, Taste, the Drama, and the Scenes of Real Life.*

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## NEW-YORK.

WRITING AN ARTICLE.—Gentle reader, if thou happen to be that sage discreet personage which thy present occupation would seem to indicate, then surely the idea has never entered thy profound cranium, of *writing an article!* Start not at our positiveness—for it may be we are not so dogmatical as might seem at first sight; we only intended to affirm that thou hast never, in thy moments of sober reason, if not under the dominion of all-conquering necessity, set thyself quietly down to perpetrate a paragraph, which should please all tastes, from the vinegar palate of the slander-loving politician, to the licorice tooth of the novel-adoring maiden: to humor all caprices, from the combativeness of Dick Hardfist, who will peruse nothing but bulletins of boxing matches, to the more solemn but still one-sided notion of Aunt Dorothy, that nothing is worth reading but a two-hour's sermon.

We would not advance the idea that there are no materials extant, from which an interesting essay might be framed,—far from it. There is politics, for instance, upon which we might write something marvellously agreeable and entertaining—to those who liked it; but the mischief of it is, that to treat of politicon matters in a manner at all captivating, we must side with one party; and thus, while we were gracefully cutting a pigeon wing in the eyes of one subscriber, we should be treading hard upon the corns of another; and ever and anon, the grating sound of "stop my paper," would salute us, instead of the "please send me," &c. which now rings so frequently and so musically in our ears: so it wont answer to meddle with that subject.

Then there is the matter of theology on which we might display our acuteness (or stupidity, as the case may be,) to the immense edification of some readers, but to the utter discontent and disgust of others. We might spend an hour in endeavoring to convince our patrons that they were all possessed of souls, and be promptly and positively refuted by a dozen of them stopping the paper on account of the article, and refusing to pay for what they had received. We might labor earnestly to convince our readers that mankind could not deserve damnation, and be silenced at once by seeing one of them steal the very sheet from the files of a free reading-room. So we shall leave metaphysics entirely in the hands of the reverend Doctors of Divinity, and their compeers, the Doctors of the Hall of Science.

We have sometimes fancied that if any class of men in this republican land could claim an affinity or rather resemblance, to kings, it must undoubtedly be the editors—and our logic, as usual, shall follow close at the heels of our theory. And so—it must be confessed, that, in the multiplicity and variety of their *subjects*, there is a striking resemblance. True, the editor cannot always manage his subjects to please even himself; but then are not kings too, troubled with rebellious and unmanageables ones? Then the unremitted importunity for office and favor with which a king is assailed—what is it like but the interminable, unceasing cry for "copy" which haunts the editor even in his dreams? And, then, is not *he* too beset with importunities for notice and favor? Not, indeed, in the shape of substantial wealth or office; because the whole world knows too well that he is the last man of whom to solicit such blessings—but in the shape of sublimated puffs of nostrums, and glowing descriptions of the unequalled feats of man-monkeys, and all that sort of thing! But, further, is not the editor ever busy with the affairs of nations and cabinets? is it not his province to be most dolefully affected at the fall of a nation; and to look with alarm upon any event which threatens to overturn that vague something, which forms the statesman's watch-word, "the balance of power?" But then we must confess one sad difference,—the expenditures of the king result in debts to be sure, but they are the debts of the nation,—while the editor's, we grieve to say it, are all his own. We had intended that our present writing should be rather humorous than otherwise; and we have unfortunately stumbled upon matters too true to make a joke of—so we drop the subject.

But, what (inquires the reader, who has followed us thus far in our devious rambles,) do you propose to arrive at, in the course of these sage cogitations? Kind sir, we did not intend to inoculate you with any specific dogma, or enlighten you on any matter of history. We have been simply *writing an article.*

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To those young ladies who are pledging themselves not to marry young men who prefer theatres to a conference-room, and horse racing to a conventicle, or 'protracted meeting,' we have nothing to say ourselves this week, farther than to recommend a serious and thoughtful perusal of the following, from the Englishman's Magazine.

OLD MAIDS.—I have an old maid;—I do not speak of an individual, but of the species—I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but a very past itself; she has escaped a great change and sympathises not in the ordinary mutations of mortality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear her called Mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like the resignation of despair, a voluntary sounds like the resignation of hope. I do not know whether extinction of marriages are made in heaven: some people say they are, but I am almost sure that old maids are. There is something about them which is not of earth, earthly. They are spectators of the world, not adventurers nor ramblers; perhaps guard, not we say nothing of tattlers. They are extinct—predestinated to be what they are. They owe the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit, or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities as ninety and nine out of a hundred; are they single? Heaven only knows. It is their fate!

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### APPALLING ADVENTURE.

**The following extraordinary narrative is abridged from Mr. Ross Cox's "ADVENTURES ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER."—Mr. Cox was travelling on horseback with a party, and arrived after eight hours exercise, in a beautiful valley which furnished a clear stream for all, and plenty of clover for the horses. Here they stopped for breakfast, and to rest themselves and their cattle. Not having a sufficiency of horses several of the party were obliged to ride and walk by turns, and were consequently disposed to linger awhile before they resumed their journey. Our author was tempted by some wild cherries, which lured him to some distance, along the banks of a rivulet, till he came to an arbor formed by cherry and sumach trees. He gathered a quantity of the fruit, and sat down to enjoy the coolness of the shady retreat:—**

"It was a charming spot, and on the opposite bank was a delightful wilderness of a crimson hue, honeysuckles, wild roses, and currants; in resemblance to a friend's summer-house in which I had spent many happy days, brought back home with all its endearing recollections; and my scattered thoughts were successively occupied with the past, the present and the future. In this state, I fell into a pleasing, soothing reverie, which, joined to the morning's fatigue, gradually sealed my eyelids and unconscious of my situation, I resigned myself to the influence of the drowsy god. But imagine my feelings when I awoke in the evening. I think it was about five o'clock, from the declining appearance of the sun. All was calm and silent as the grave. I hastened to the spot where we breakfasted: it was vacant. I ran to the place were the men had made their fire; all were gone, and not a vestige of man or horse appeared in the valley. My senses almost failed me. I called out in vain, in every direction, until I became hoarse; and I could no longer conceal from myself the dreadful truth, that I was alone in a wild, uninhabited country, without horse or arms, and destitute of covering. The evening was now closing fast, and with the approach of night a heavy dew commenced falling. The whole of my clothes consisted of a gingham shirt, nankeen trowsers, and a pair of light leather moccasins, much worn. About an hour before breakfast I had taken off my coat, and placed it upon one of the loaded horses, intending to put it on towards the cool of the evening; and one of the men had charge of my fowling-piece. I was even without my hat; for in the agitated state of my mind on awaking, I had left it behind and I had advanced too far to think of returning for it. At some distance on my left I observed a field of high strong grass, to which I proceeded, and after pulling enough to place under and over me, I recommended myself to the Almighty, and fell asleep. During the night confused dreams of warm-houses, feather beds, poisoned arrows, prickly pears, and rattle-snakes, haunted my disturbed imagination. On the 18th I arose with the sun, quite wet and chilly, the heavy dew having completely saturated my flimsy covering.—I had turned into a northerly course, where, late in the evening, I observed about a mile distant, some horsemen galloping in an easterly direction. From their dress I knew they belonged to our party. I instantly ran to a hillock, and called out, in a voice to which hunger had imparted a supernatural shrillness; but they galloped on. I then took off my shirt, which I waved in a conspicuous manner over my head, accompanied by the most frantic cries; still they continued on. I ran towards the direction they were galloping: despair adding wings to my flight. Rocks, stubble and brushwood were passed with the speed of a hunted antelope, but to no purpose; for on arriving at the place where I imagined a pathway would have brought me into their track. I was completely at fault. It was now nearly dark. I had eaten nothing since the noon of the preceding day, and, faint with hunger and fatigue, threw myself on the grass, when I heard a small rustling noise behind me. I turned round, and with horror beheld a large rattle-snake coiling himself in the evening shade. I instantly retreated, on observing which, he coiled himself. Having obtained a large stone, I advanced slowly on him, and taking a proper aim, dashed it with all my force on the reptile's head, which I buried in the ground beneath the stone. The late race had completely worn out the thin soles of my moccasins, and my feet in consequence had became much swollen. As night advanced, I was obliged to look for a place to sleep, and after some time, selected nearly as good a bed as the one I had the first night. My exertions in pulling the long coarse grass nearly rendered my hands useless, by severely cutting all the joints of my fingers."

For several days our author continued to wander, hungry, hopeless and exhausted, seeing plenty of game, but having no means of obtaining it, and subsisting, for the most part, upon hawes and cherries. When these were not attainable, he supported life by chewing grass. One night, after his usual fatiguing and unsuccessful endeavours to discover some track, he was about to lie down to rest when a wolf emerged from her cavern near him. Thinking it safer to act on the offensive, he threw some stones at the animal, and sent him howling to his den. The howling of wolves and bears was his nightly music, but the wolf of the cavern did not again disturb him. His naked feet were torn by the thorns, and he had nothing to defend them with but some thin bandages, which he tore from the legs of his trowsers; the daily renewal of which gradually bared his limbs. When a wolf approached him, he levelled his stick at it, as though aiming a gun; and whether they had experience of fire arms, or that they were awed by his steady gaze and apparent boldness, they generally retreated; upon one occasion however, this stratagem failed him; the animal was either too inexperienced, or too cunning to be so deceived:—

"About dusk an immense wolf rushed out of a thick copse, a short distance from the pathway, planted himself directly before me in a threatening position, and appeared determined to dispute my passage. He was not more than twenty feet from me. My situation was desperate; and as I knew that the least symptom of fear, would be the signal for attack, I presented my stick, and shouted as loud as my weak voice would permit. He appeared somewhat startled, and retreated a few steps, still keeping his piercing eyes firmly fixed on me. I advanced a little, when he commenced howling in a most appalling manner, and supposing his intention was to collect a few more to repast on my half famished carcase, I redoubled my cries, and I had almost lost the power of utterance, at the same time calling out various names, thinking I might make it appear that I was not alone. An old and a young lynx ran close past me, and did not stop. The wolf remained about fifteen minutes in the same position; but whether my wild and fearful exclamation deterred any others from joining him, I cannot say. Finding at length, my determination not to flinch, and that no assistance was likely to come, he retreated into the wood, and disappeared in the surrounding gloom. The shades of night were now descending fast, when I came to a verdant spot, surrounded by small trees, and full of rushes, which induced me to hope for water; but after searching for some time, I was still doomed to bitter disappointment. A shallow lake or pond had been there which the long drought and heat had dried up. I then pulled a quantity of the rushes, and spread them at the foot of a large stone, which I intended for my pillow; but as I was about throwing myself down a rattlesnake, coiled with the head erect, and the forked tongue extended in a state of frightful oscillation, caught my eye immediately under the stone. I instantly retreated a short distance, but assuming fresh courage, soon dispatched it with my stick. On examining the spot more minutely a large cluster of them appeared under the stone, the whole of which I rooted out and destroyed. This was hardly accomplished, when upwards of a dozen snakes of different descriptions, chiefly dark-brown, blue and green, made their appearance; they were much quicker in their movements than their rattle-tailed brethren; and I could only kill a few of them. This was a peculiarly soul-trying moment. I had tasted no fruit since the morning before, and after a painful day's march, under a burning sun, could not produce a drop of water to allay my feverish thirst. I was surrounded by a murderous brood of serpents, and ferocious beasts of prey, and without even the consolation of knowing when such misery might have a probable termination."

Another night, and another day, the poor wanderer passed in this dreadful situation, when towards evening, his ear caught the sound of water; grateful for this supply, he threw himself at once into the stream, and, weak and exhausted as he was, found himself unable to withstand the strength of the current. By means of an overhanging tree, however, he regained the shore, and made a hearty meal of hips, cherries, and water—Having somewhat refreshed himself, we leave him to resume his own narrative:—

"On looking about for a place to sleep, I observed lying on the ground, the hollow trunk of a pine, destroyed by lightning. I retreated into the cavity, and having covered myself completely with large pieces of loose bark, quickly fell asleep.—My repose was not of long duration; for at the end of about two hours, I was awakened by the growling of a bear, which had removed part of the bark covering, and was leaning over me with his snout, hesitating as to the means he should adopt to dislodge me; the narrow limits of the trunk, which confined my body, preventing him from making the attack with advantage. I instantly sprung up, and seized my stick, and uttered a loud cry; which caused him to recede a few steps, when he stopped and turned about, apparently doubtful whether he would commence the attack. He determined on an assault; but feeling I had not sufficient strength to meet so unequal an enemy, I thought it prudent to retreat and accordingly scrambled up an adjoining tree. My flight gave fresh impulse to his courage, and he commenced ascending after me. I succeeded, however, in gaining a branch which gave me a decided advantage over him, and from which I was enabled to annoy his muzzle and claws in such a manner with my stick, as effectually to check his progress. After scraping the bark some time with rage and disappointment, he gave up the attack, and retired to my late dormitory, of which he took possession. The fear of falling off in case I was overcome by sleep, induced me to make several attempts to descend, but each attempt aroused my ursine sentinel, and after many ineffectual efforts, I was obliged to remain there during the rest of the night. I fixed myself in that part of the trunk from which the principal grand branches forked, and which prevented me from falling during my fitful slumbers. On the 27th, a little after sunrise, the bear quitted the trunk, shook himself, cast a longing, lingering look towards me and disappeared in search of his morning's repast. After waiting some time, apprehensive of his return, I descended and resumed my journey through the woods, in a north-north-east direction. In a few hours all my anxiety of the preceding night was more than compensated by falling in with a well beaten horse-path, with fresh traces on it, both of hoof and human feet; it lay through a clear open wood in a north-east course in which I observed numbers of small deer. About six in the evening, I arrived at a spot where a party must have slept the preceding night. Round the remains of a large fire which was still burning, were scattered several half picked bones of grouse, partridges, and ducks, all of which I collected with economical industry. After devouring the flesh, I broiled the bones. The whole scarcely sufficed to give me a moderate meal, but yet afforded a most seasonable relief to my famished body. I enjoyed a comfortable sleep this night close to the fire, undisturbed by any nocturnal visitor."

Towards the evening of the 29th, the weary and nearly naked traveller, not without some hope of a termination to his sufferings, was still pursuing the horse-track in which he had walked for the last two days, when he saw a small animal resembling a hare; he threw a stone, and broke its leg; but it escaped him, for his wounded feet would not allow him to race after it. On the 30th the track appeared yet fresher as he advanced; and he had food for hope, at least. Late in the evening, the path divided; the track was equally recent in both; he tried one, it led into the gloom of the wood; and he retraced his steps. As he did so, he heard the neighing of a horse:—

"I listened with breathless attention, and became convinced it was no illusion. A few paces further brought me in sight of several of those noble animals, sporting in a handsome meadow, from which I was separated by a rapid stream of water. It was with some difficulty that I gained the opposite bank. One of the horses came to me; I thought him "the prince of palfreys; his neigh was like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforced homage." On advancing a short distance into the meadow, the quivering sight of a small column of gracefully curling smoke announced my vicinity to human beings, and in a moment after, two Indian women perceived me. They instantly fled to a hut which appeared at the farther end of the meadow. This moment made me doubt whether I had escaped amongst friends or enemies, but suspicion fled were quickly running to me in the most friendly manner. On seeing the lacerated state of my feet, they carried me in their arms to a comfortable dwelling covered with deer skins. To wash and dress my torn limbs, roast some roots, and boil a small salmon, seemed but the business of a moment. After returning thanks to that great and good Being in whose hands are the issues of life and death, and who had watched over my wandering steps, and secured me from the many perilous dangers I encountered, I sat down to my salmon, of which it is needless to say I made a hearty supper."

From these Indians our author learned that they with several others, and some of the white men, had been scouring the woods for several days in search of him, and that the party had reached their destination, which was but few hours march distant. The next morning the Indians enveloped him in a mantle of deer-skin, and conveyed him to his friends, who received him as one risen from the dead. He did not escape a sharp fit of indigestion, in consequence of his salmon feast; and we can scarcely wonder at the fear he expresses, of being suspected of invention or exaggeration, when we consider the various dangers which he had gone through. Death was near him in a thousand forms: bears, wolves, snakes, fatigue, starvation, and exposure to the elements, drowning and sudden repletion, had all aimed at his life, and aimed in vain. He rejoined his friends in a meagre condition, indeed, but so little had they expected even again to see him alive, that, on the day before his arrival, his clothes, &c. had been sold at auction. His long wandering, was not, he tells us, a solitary case; a gentleman, named Pritchard, having lost himself on the east side of the mountains a few years before, who had wandered in the woods thirty-five days before he was discovered. He was not, however, so young and so inexperienced as Mr. Cox: he laid traps for hares, caught fish with snares made of his own hair, and occasionally regaled himself with an eatable moss: but for the last few days he had been too much exhausted to procure food; and, when found, was quite in a helpless state, endeavouring to crawl upon his hands and feet.

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From the Comic Offering.

### MISS BELL.

How oft by punsters have been teased
Poor girls, who thus are christened,
Obliged to seem most highly pleased,
Although they've scarcely listened!

If at a novel e'er we look,
We surely will be blamed;
For when we're seen to ope a book,
We're *blue bells* quickly named!

From church on Sunday if we stay,
We hear from high and low,
"The church affairs must be astray,
The *church bells did not go!*"

If you with peevish folks agree,
'Tis said, with sick'ning grin,
"Whatever is advanced, you see,
*Bells* certain to *chime in!*"

Some city beau, whom Ma desires
To ring the parlour bell,
Handing a *ring* to *Miss*, inquires,
"Will *that* not do as well?

And if you e'er an orange eat,
Smart wit you're forced to feel;
For some, no doubt, your ears will greet
With "*Bell*, d'ye like a *peel*?"

If out of town on Christmas day
You'll feel the bumpkin's wit,
Who says, all *Bells* a *toll* must pay,
And s - you must submit!

Or if you get into a rage,
This rude affair to settle,
The wretch exclaims, "I will engage
You're made o' rare *Bell metal!*"

Then at the leter sending time
Of foolish Valentine,
Who is it that can't find a rythme
To such a name as mine?

Thus, "Dear Miss Bell, I love you well;
Oh more than tongue can tell!
A long farewell—a soothing spell"—
All these will *rhyme with* Bell.

"Within my cot in yonder dell,
Oh, come with me and dwell!
There sweetbriar yields its fragrant smell"—
All these will *rhyme with Bell!*

"I suffer disappointment fell,
Death's arm I can't repel;
Soon will be heard my funeral knell—
And you'll be *my death—Bell!*"

There's nonpareil and parallel,
Compel, expel, and sell,
Rebel, and smell, impel, and yell—
And more that *rhyme with Bell!*

Whenever friends come to visit us,
If I should say a word,
My aunt observes, (quite in a fuss,)
"*Bell's tongue* too loud is heard!"

Quite angry, I then silent sit,
Nor let them hear a tone,
Then some one says, with teazing wit,
"You're quite a *dumb-bell* grown!"

If 'twere not wrong to hang oneself,
I'd try *Bell-rope* I vow;
But then they'd say, "That silly elf
A *Bell-hanger* is now!"

I hope the coachman, when I die,
To church will *hurry* well,
A final pun, the folks may cry,
"There's *Canter bury Bell!*"

To *ring the changes* on my name,
I fear is rather bold;
So now I stop my tongue through shame,
Though more I might have *told!*

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WITCHCRAFT CASE.—We copy from an old Pennsylvania paper, the following amusing indictment for Witchcraft, which was presented [illegible] dictment, it will be seen, professes to be in pursuance of an old English law. Being no lawyers we are of course unable to say how far the antiquated and obsolete laws of Great Britain, concerning witches, ghosts and goblins, should be considered valid in this country; but we humbly conceive that the "Blue laws of Connecticut" would have been more applicable to the case in question.

From the Miltonian of 1829.

WITCHCRAFT, &c.—At last August sessions a bill sufficiently technical, was sent to the Grand Inquest of Northumberland county, on an indictment as a nuisance, &c. against the company for their exhibitions in the borough of Sunbury. The Prosecuting Attorney has displayed great legal knowledge in the form of the indictment, the last accounts of which we publish for the information of our readers. The bill was ignored—County to pay the cost.

August session, 1829.

Commonwealth, vs Mr. Harrington, Downie, Master Downs, Clown, Stokes, Mr. Bacon and Sergeant Andrews. } Indictment, Nuisance, &c.

No bill—the county to pay the cost.

GEO. ECKERT, Foreman.

"And the inquest aforesaid, on their oaths and affirmatives aforesaid, do further present, that Mr. Harrington, Mr. Downie, Master Downs, Clown Stokes, Mr. Bacon and Sergeant Andrews, possessing the power of, *Witchcraft, Conjuration, Enchantment and Sorcery*, and being moreover persons of evil and depraved dispositions, and as magical characters having private conference with the spirit of darkness, did at the borough of Sunbury, in the aforesaid, on the 10th day of August of the year aforesaid, expose to the view of divers and very many people of this commonwealth, various feats, acts, deeds, exhibitions and performances of magic and witchcraft, such as "Grand parade, by the whole stud of horses"—"Young American, hanging from his horse." "Leaping a horse, through hoops, over garters, through a barrel; Roman attitudes, Comic silt dances, wherein the cloven foot was palpably displayed"—"Flying by the whole, Master Bacon riding on his head; wonderful somerset from a horse at full speed, by Mr. Downie; dropping from the rope and reviving to life," to the great mortification of God's people—"Vaulting; Pleasant Frolics; officer and recruit, or double Transformation; Flip flaps, and Cobler's frolic," to the evil example of all kindred spirits for the promulgation of the infernal arts, to the great scandal and delusion of the human species, *contrary to the act of 33d Henry the Eighth*, to the evil example of all others in like cases offending, and against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania."

What would the good people of Northumberland Co. think and say, if they should happen to look in at the Chatham Theatre and Circus?—to see Mr. Stickney *ride on five horses*—Mr. Spencer throw a "back somerset over *six*"—Master Levi ride backwards on his head?—and what would they imagine to see Mons. Chabert swallowing Prussic Acid and Phosphorus, and entering an oven heated to 500 degrees? By the way, we would advise our friend Mons. C. to avoid exhibiting in that vicinity; for if they suppose *common* Circus riders, and tumblers to be aided by "the spirit of darkness," and possessed of the power of "witchcraft, conjuration, enchantment, and sorcery," they would certainly take him to be Old Beelzebub himself.

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### EUGENE ARAM.

Now that the excitement, attendant upon the publication of any thing coming from the pen of Mr. Bulwer, has a little subsided, we are prepared to give our opinion of his last production; not with the expectation of calling the attention of our readers to it, for probably all have read it; but from the vanity perhaps of chronicling our views of a work which will be read as long as the language in which it is written shall be spoken.

Although the author has termed it a "Tale wild, dark and solemn—qualities not unsuited to the times," yet a greater part of the work would seem to us to be better characterized by serenity, and gaiety. The descriptions of the scenery of Grassdale and the first love of Madeline and Arani are tranquil and lovely; and the scenes in which Corporal Bunting figures, especially the picture of him upon horseback, and again "stroking the sides of an enormous cat, who now, with tail on end, and back bowed up, and uttering *lenes susurros*, anglice, purr; rubbed herself to and fro athwart the corporal's legs," are infinitely humorous. The second volume is indeed "wild, dark and solemn," and most intensely interesting—surpassing almost every thing we ever read.

Still we thing the book not wholly faultless.—Those who study carefully the mind and even the features of Aram, and who carefully compare them with some of the characters in his former works, cannot fail to see a resemblance between the pale and delicate cheek, the majestic forehead, the unfathomable eyes, the scornful lip, the calm serenity united with the deepest passion, perfect gentleness interrupted with almost maniac fierceness, as they are delineated in Glanville, Mordaunt and Aram, like Byron's Giaour, Corsair, Manfred, &c. The distinctions in the characters are wholly produced by a different arrangement of incidents. To us this seems a fault, and the fault obvious.

It may not be hypercritical to trace a strong likeness between Madeline and Ellinor, and Minna and Brenda in Scott's Pirate. Madeline and Minna are enthusiastic, high-minded, romantic and beautiful girls; and Ellinor and Brenda are equally confiding, gay and domestic. The touching and lovely representations of the affection of the guileless sisters in Eugene Aram, are exceedingly refined and delicate; but they seem to us evidently founded upon similar pictures in the Pirate, and we cannot see that the [illegible] improved upon.

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MAY, one of the three sentenced to be hanged for the late murders in London, was reprieved, and as an accessary after the fact, was to be transported for life. The following statement respecting him at the moment of reprieve, is striking:—

When the respite was received for May, the Rev. Dr. Cotton immediately went to the cell, and commenced reading over to him all the letters and applications that had been made on his behalf to the Secretary of State. May said that he was aware that it was all of no use, and that he had made up his mind to die. The Rev. gentleman then announced the reprieve to him: immediately May raised his hands over his head, and stood for a moment in that position; he then fell down upon his back. The pulsation at his heart and wrist entirely ceased for half an hour, and it was thought that he was dead. A medical gentleman was immediately sent for, and after restoratives had been applied, in about an hour he recovered.

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A bill has now passed the Maine House of Representatives, by a vote of 95 to 9, offering a bounty of $8 each for the destruction of wolves, $1 each for bears, and $1 each for wild cats. It was stated by a member in the debate of this bill, that these animals had within the last year destroyed property of more than $10,000 value, and he presumed the annual loss in the state from the voraciousness of these animals were equal to $50,000.

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A large panther, measuring nine feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, was killed on Friday last, on the Alleghany mountain, about eight miles west of Schellsburg, in Shade township, Somerset county, by Mr. Peter Menges of Napier. Mr Menges was alone, with the exception of a small dog, who treed the Panther. The skin has been preserved entire for the purpose of having it stuffed.

*Bedford Gazette.*

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The *Wolf* lately captured in Wakefield, made his escape, while being exhibited in Dover, and was pursued by a party of hunters through Durham, Newmarket and Exeter, to Brentwood, where he was killed after having committed sundry depredations upon the sheepfolds which lay in his course.

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ROBBER CAUGHT.—On the 20th January last, a man by the name of John Bennett, a stage driver in the employ of Messrs. Cooley & Maxwell, while in the exercise of his vocation, upon the road between Elmira and Oswego, in this state, abstracted from the mail a letter containing four halves of as many $100 bills which had been cut for remitting in this way. On the discovery of the robbery Bennett fled. This caused suspicion, and he was pursued to this place, by Mr. Cooley, last week; and finally, by the assistance of Mr. I. T. Hathaway, of this village, he was traced to Chippewa, U. C. and secured. He left here on Thursday last, for Elmira, in charge of Mr. Cooley, to await his trial. The cut bills were found upon him.—*Buff. Rep.*

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FISH PONDS.—In some parts of Europe fish ponds are very valuable property. They might become so in this country, if properly stocked and attended. Particularly might this branch of business prove valuable in the neighborhood of our large cities. A late English paper mentions that in some of the ponds in Hempshire, five acres of water support 1,250 brace of Carp and Tench, until the stock are got for market, and have obtained an average size of 2lb per brace, and consequently weigh 2,500 lbs. at ninepence per pound, the price at which they are usually sold to the London fishmongers, will amount to 93£ 15s. the value of 5 acres of land so employed for three years.

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The following singular item of expenditure appears on the accounts of the Treasurer for Perry county, Pa.—

"Cash paid Thomas Patterson for *sporting* at the court house, $10 15.

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SHELBYVILLE, Jan. 10.—A few days ago, two black boys, belonging to John Kain, of this county, were smothered to death. They were, it appears, in a shuck pen asleep, and while in that situation, some laborers not knowing that these boys were in the pen, filled it with shucks, which suffocated them and they died before they were discovered.

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The stock of the New Castle and Frenchtown rail road, constructed by John Randel, jr. the engineer of the Ithaca and Oswego rail road, sold on the 20th inst. at Philadelphia, at 25 *per cent. advance.*

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We have seen a machine for making bricks, (the invention of a Swiss) recently constructed in Leeds, on a very simple principle which turns out 120 bricks in one minute, fit for the kiln, without any drying, as in the ordinary process. We understand that 1000 bricks may be made for 6d. instead of 2s. 6d. the present price. The cost of the machine is about 200*l.* and it is worked by two men and two boys. By this process, bricks may be made more efficently at all seasons, no drought being necessary. *Leeds Intelligencer.*

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PROTRACTED BALL.—We observe in one of the Boston papers, an advertisement notifying that there would be a *four days ball*, the proceeds of which, to be expended in full for the suffering poor.

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The Pittsburg Mercury of Tuesday last, says;—"We are yet unable to give the particulars of the damage occasioned by the flood along the river and its branches. In our next we shall probably be enabled to do so. The manufacturers of salt adjacent to the Kiskiminetas, have sustained heavy losses. Mr. Boggs is said to have lost to the extent of forty thousand dollars. A passenger in a steamboat that ascended the river during the freshet, says that the havoc along the river is immense—the houses, stacks of grain and hay were carried down the river by the force of the torrent—that he counted about 150 houses descending, some containing furniture—and that nearly whole villages were swept away."

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DUELLING.—The New Orleans *Free Press*, of the 30th ult. says a meeting took place on Saturday between two gentlemen of that city; at which after the first fire was exchanged, one of the parties stepped forward and offered his hand to his antagonist, who *refused* it. The ground was then retaken, and the party refusing shot instantly *dead.*

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CURIOUS CAUTION.—John G. Miller, in the Cherry Valley Gazette, says, "All persons are ereby forbid marrying my daughter Betsey!"

## LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The packet ship Cambria, Capt. Moore, arrived on Tuesday from London, bringing London dates to the 14th Jan.

On the subject of Reform nothing further has taken place. The creation of the New Peers has not been officially announced.

The Cholera has ceased its ravages in Sunderland and the adjoining towns. In consequence of this, the Board of Health have discontinued their daily sittings, and will meet but twice in the week, unless any particular circumstance should arise to require their attendance more frequently. The number of cases since the commencement, were 1746—Do. of deaths, 597.

The trials of the Bristol Rioters are progressing in that city. The excitement is very great among the populace, and the streets contiguous to the Hall, where the Court is in session, are thronged [illegible] the different procesions leaving the Court after the trial is awful. First, the Under-sheriff in his official dress and drawn sword, then the Judges, strongly guarded, after which, a party of officers belonging to the Court, and then follows the van containing the prisoners, all of whom are heavily chained, succeeded by more horsemen, &c. Yet, notwithstanding this protective force, an attack was attempted, and would have succeeded had not the driver plied his horses with additional whip, and thus distanced the assailants. The trial of Col. Brereton, before a Court Martial, for his conduct while in command of the troops at Bristol, during the riots, was brought to a sudden close, by his committing suicide. He was an officer of the highest military character.

The London Journals are unanimous in the opinion of the instability of the present French Ministry, if not the Government. It seems that the scenes which preceded the downfall of Charles X. were acting over again. The same virulence and acrimony is shewn by the press towards Louis Phillippe.

It appears that the refusal of Russia to ratify the treaty of separation between Holland and Belgium was not given in a hostile spirit or that it will lead to any immediate rupture.

Letters from Leipsic, Dec. 26, give most deplorable accounts of the brutal treatment of the Prussians towards the unfortunate Poles. They state tha on the 11th, the Prussians suddenly surrounded them, to the number of 12,000, and wanted to force them in a most brutal manner, to obey the orders of Russia. The Polish Soldiers were repeatedly struck with Prussian muskets, and the officers were indignantly treated, and threatened to be shot, but continued firm, and declared that they would suffer the most barbarous treatment sooner than comply with orders which were against the laws of humanity; this decided resistance caused the Prussian commander to send for fresh orders from his Government. The Poles demanded passports to enter France.

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THE DECCAN PRIZE MONEY.—*An Enigma.*—A banquet was given a short time ago by a certain noble duke, to which was invited, amongst the rest, an old officer, who was a claimant for some portion of the Deccan Prize Money. On the removal of the cloth, after the glass had pretty freely circulated, solving enigmas became the order of the evening. When it came to the noble host's turn to propose one, "he brought out" the following:—What is that which did not come *last year*—has not come *this year*—and will come *next year?* The guests were all posed: not one could untie the Duke's Gordian knot, until the old officer (before alluded to,) rising from his chair, and furiously striking the table with his clenched fists, until "glasses and decanters chattered again," vociferously bawled out, in the ears of his host "*'Tis the Deccan Prize Money by G—d!*" The duke looked unutterable things, and enigma-solving was dropped for the remainder of the evening. It is whispered that Parliamentary Reform was the solution intended to be given by the proposer of the enigma. The old officer, however, appears to have been nearer the mark.

*English paper.*

A parallel case. What is that which did not come *last* month, *has* not come this month—but will come soon? Solution. *Extensive patronage to our paper.* Don't we deserve it? How modest!!

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There is a singular society formed at Lincoln by a few young men, called "The Last Man," embracing the following regulation:—A bottle of wine is sealed up in a neat mahogany case, and at a particular period of the year lots are cast by the whole society to determine in whose care the case shall remain, and that person, at Christmas, is bound to give either a dinner or a supper to the whole of the society. The bottle of wine is to be kept sealed up so long as two of the society remain alive, and when "the last man" is left, he is to open the bottle, and drink the wine, to the memory of his former friends.—*Stamford Mercury.*

We imagine the cracking of this bottle will be rather a sober affair. It is a little so with life,—we labor for years to earn money to enjoy ourselves upon; when it is earned, our money making spirit is gone.

We wonder why some of the rich old fellows dont see this and attempt a reform? the plan is feasible.—Let them loan their money to us young bloods to enjoy life while we feel like it, and we in our turns must, when the fun is over with us, go to work and pass the evening of our days, in getting money for the next generation, and so on.

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A Seal, about three and a half feet in length, and weighing from 89 to 100lbs. was caught napping, a few days since, on a cake of ice, in Mount Hope Bay, and carried to Bristol, R. I. by the sloop Aurora, Capt. Cook.

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PRODIGIOUS—Domine Sampson would say,—a private letter from Paris, received this week, announces the marriage of Miss Frances Wright to a Monsieur P. formerly of this city,—and adds, "Mrs. P. and the child are both well." So says the Courier, who continues, "We presume the lady still gives lectures—but probably inculcates a different species of philosophy. Look at it, however, in every point of view, it is beyond a doubt one of the most astonishing natural or philosophical events which has taken place during the present century. Oh! Love—love—miserable, exciting, etherial passion! What strange effects thou givest rise to! Philosophy—the very genius of reason—the goddess herself has been subdued—melted and bound in the silken chains. For some years past the progress of philosophy in the two worlds has been as rapid as Eclipse over the Long Island course—or as the steamboat North America in a sunny day of June, under a full pressure of steam—or as a rail-road car between Albany and Schenectady. Self-poised—self-sustained, divine philosophy was elevating her aspect—putting out ignorance as you would a taper with a tin extinguisher, until this untoward event took place which casts us all again into the age of barbarism. As Cæsar said, folding his Roman toga around him in the Capitol so we say to Miss Wright—" *Et tu Brute.*

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Get thee glass eyes.—Shakspeare.

After all there may be less of fable in those achievements of the ancients that have been classed among the marvellous, than skeptics are willing to admit. The discoveries in science which follow in such rapid succession, are so many admonitions to the incredulous and dogmatic, instructing them to form and express their opinions with deliberation and becoming modesty. Indeed we are not quite prepared to say that it would not be unwise to let the skeptical philosophy remain in *suspenso* for a few generations at least, until we shall have approximated sufficiently near to the at present indefinable limit of invention and discovery, to be able to take a view of the whole ground and make certain calculations respecting it. While the Montgolfiers and succeeding aeronauts have shown that the flight of Daedalus and his son may be no fiction, the exhibitions of Fordyce and Blagden, of Francisco Martinez and Chabert, not to mention the feats of the *convulsionaires* at the grave of St. Medardus, in France, have also proved that the accounts handed down to us of sundry triumphs over the fiery element are not unworthy the credence of the most captious doubter. Nor are these the only instances in which, by the discoveries and inventions of the moderns, the character of the ancients for veracity has been illustrated, and the aspersions of hair-brained cavillers repelled, propriety. The art of Prometheus himself, which has been buried some thousands of years in the ruins of the past, seems destined to be restored to the world. Although we sincerely hope that Drs. Scudder and Francis will not allow their propensity for innovation to carry them much farther in their efforts to supercede the natural mechanism of the human frame, yet we cannot but express our fears that they are looking towards Promethean honors. If it be so, shade of Malthus defeat them!

We had determined on noticing with approbation the admirable ingenuity with which the last named gentlemen have contrived to give to the blind, if not eyes that see, at least their inimitable counterfeit. But these artificial "lookers out at the window," have, as the sequel will show, too seriously injured our reputation for judgment, and too deeply wounded our pride, not to cause a change in our purpose. The occurrence we are about to divulge to the world, has, as might naturally be supposed, been the occasion of a deep and settled hostility to those nice and undiscoverable deceptions for which the authors of our misfortune are so deservedly celebrated. To come to the story—we happened a few evenings since, in the company of some ladies. After a desultory conversation of about half an hour, we felt ourselves drawn by an inexplicable attraction to a closer converse with a beautiful creature located in the most retired part of the room, and whom we had noticed for her taciturnity during the evening. We soon found, however, that like most of her sex, she was not deficient in volubility of tongue. After the usual preliminaries towards forming an acquaintance, agreeably to a license of the Chesterfieldian code of good manners, we proceeded to comment, in a somewhat flattering manner, on the charms of her person, and more particularly her love-rolling eyes. They were beautiful—the indexes of her soul's intelligence and serenity. Our heart melted in their sunny influence; and our bosom that before was as far from the dominion of love as from the frozen empire of its opposite, now became the theatre for the play of a new and strange emotion. Reader, what is it?—But "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." A little urchin who had stood at our elbow, as if unconcious of every thing but its almonds and playthings innocently put a damper on the flame that was so rapidly kindling in our heart. We scarcely concluded our peroration, when, as if awakened from a trance, the young blighter of our happiness and hopes, suddenly turned and giving us an arch look, ejacu ated, "*Why la, sir, these are Mr. Scudder's eyes.*"

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MRS. ROYALL.—Our readers we are persuaded, cannot be fully aware of the singular sagacity of this lady. She has just discovered that the plan of removing the remains of Gen. Washington to the Capitol is the work of these same "pious temperance folks," in order to further their treacherous designs on our liberty. We imagine if the truth was known, *she* would be found at the bottom of all the "military events" which have latterly transpired at "the seat of war." These pretty women are always getting "*us fellows*" into trouble.

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CHRISTIAN NAMES.—A woman in Devonshire lately carried her boy to be christened, telling the minister that his name was to be *Acts*; being asked the reason for so odd a name, she said her husband and herself were religious folk—that having named four other boys for the Evangelists, they intended to continue with the Apostles.

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THE GAME LAWS.—To continue the Game Laws, in order "to induce country gentlemen to reside on their estates," reminds one of Master Billy enticing to school by his tender parents, with a promise that if he be a good boy and mind his book, he shall *kick the cat about* when he comes home.—*Times.*

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Miss Chambers, the only daughter of the once eminent banker, driven by deep distress, appeared one night at the Theatre, Liverpool, last week, to a most crowded audience, whose plaudits were unceasing; at other times, when her great beauty and misfortunes touched their sympathy, a pin might have been heard to drop. Having a private engagement at Brighton, she left Liverpool early the next morning. After Christmas she will prove the most brilliant star in the theatrical hemisphere.

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One of the Westminster Constables at their assembly last week, complained that being extremely desirous of understanding his duties, he had purchased a book called "Constable's Miscellany," which he saw displayed in a bookseller's window; but to his great surprise, the book instead of directing him how to comport himself in his constableship, contained nothing but some account of voyages to the North Pole!

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MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—We learn that a schooner capsized near Fort Washington, during the severe blow on Thursday night, and all hands on board perished. The steamboat Sidney, then on its way up with the mail from Potomac Creek, was unable to render them any assistance. The name of the vessel is not known.

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After the French Revolution, Lord Oxford was particularly delighted with the transmigration of a royal Tiger. A man who showed wild beasts in Paris, had a Tiger from Bengal, of the largest species, commonly called the royal tiger; but when royalty, and every thing royal, was abolished, he was afraid of a charge of incivism; and instead of Tigre Royal, put on his sign board Tigre National.

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What is Davie Crockett about? The last rumor was that he was waging a battle between two crocodiles, a panther, and a cart load of wild cats. He had finished the crocodile and wild cats, and was about looking the panther to death.—Courier.

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ANECDOTE.—A friend related to us the following bull, committed by a son of the Emerald Isle now in his employ, which we think is worth publishing: On going to the hog house one morning during the late cold weather, Pat discovered that a litter of pigs, which had been in existence but a short time, were all dead; and on making known the discovery—"Faith, sir," said he, I don't b'lave they'd LIVED if they had'nt DIED, for the weather was so very COWLD."

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## GREAT MATCH RACE,

*Between Col. Johnson's Bonnets O'Blue, and Col. Singleton's Clara Fisher.*

This interesting race took place over the Washington Course yesterday, and was attended by about 10,000 spectators. Bonnets o' Blue was decidedly the favorite Nag, and bets of two to one had been taken before the day of race, and the like bets were offered and taken at the post. The day was remarkably fine—cool for the season, and the track dry and firm. There was no lack of *show* on the part of the competitors, and the fine figures of each attracted universal admiration.

When the order to saddle was given, and the clothes taken off, there was a general and spontaneous expression of enthusiastic feeling, in seeing so much symmetry and beauty as was actually reflected from the one to the other.

When the drum gave its tap for mounting, and each courser sustained the burden of the Rider, a new vigor and animation was given to their step and eye. They were brought up with elastic tread to the post, and at the tap of the drum, like the lightning which courses the horizon, they flew on their way. Bonnets O'Blue taking the lead, which she sustained for the first mile, running in splendid style. In the second round, the daring blood of Clara [illegible] for some time, but after an animated struggle to Clara Fisher, and although Bonnets O'Blue, with the true spirit of the OLD DOMINION was reluctant to yield; yet, after two ineffectual efforts, she gave up the heat to the irresistible Clara Fisher. The time of this heat was taken by four persons in the stand, and they all united that it was 7 m. 45 s.

Bets were now offered freely upon equal terms, and many were accepted. It was clearly perceptible that Bonnets O'Blue could not have won the first heat.

After the usual time of rubbing, which is 30 minutes on the Washington Course, they were again brought up to the post. Again they moved off gallantly, Bonnets O'Blue leading as at first—Clara Fisher kept close upon the flanks of the first round, and part of the second, when she made an effort to pass, and failed. Her friends saw what had been before feared by many of them, that she was injured in one of her legs. She still with the true blood and energy of Carolina refused to yield, and pursued with unabating perseverance the heat to the close, which resulted in the victory of Bonnets O'Blue.

As soon as the heat was concluded, it was evident that she was let down in one of her fore legs, and was suffering the greatest torture. The time of this heat was 8m. 6s.

In consequence of the injury sustained by Clara Fisher, she did not come to the post, and the race was correctly and fairly awarded to her noble competitor, Bonnets O'Blue.

We were much pleased at the extreme order and decorous conduct of the assemblage; and although Carolina chivalry may have yielded in this instance to Virginia valor, yet it was a contest with no other feeling than that of a generous emulation of who should beat first, well knowing that the second could lose nothing of the honor in the contest. Therefore let us all unite with Clara Fisher, whilst we exclaim "hurrah for the Bonnets O'Blue."

It is due to Clara Fisher to state, that the week before Christmas, she ran away with her rider, and was seriously injured in one of her legs. Since then she has been but lightly exercised, and her backers let her run with reluctance, and under the full belief that her leg would fail. But fortunately for her, the result of the race would have been (to say the least of it) extremely doubtful.

The regular racing for the Jockey Club Purses, commences this day, and the following horses were entered last evening, for the three days, viz:

Wednesday, Feb. 22—4 Mile Heats.

Mr. Thurston's s. h. REDGAUNTLET, 5 yrs. old—riders dress, red and blue.

Col. Richardson's s. h. BERTRAM, jun. 4 years old—dove yellow.

Colonel Johnson's ch. m. TRIFLE, 3 yrs. old—blue.

Thursday, Feb. 23—3 Mile Heats.

Col. Richardson's ch. h. MUCKLE JOHN, 4 yrs. old—dove yellow and red.

Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. LAFAYETTE, 4 yrs. old—sky blue.

Col. Singleton's ch. m. MARY FRANCES, 5 yrs. old—yellow and black.

Col. Johnson's g. f. Bonnets o'Blue, 4 yrs. old—blue.

Friday, Feb. 24—2 Mile Heats.

Col. Richardson's b. f. LITTLE VENUS, 4 yrs. old—blue.

Mr. Ferguson's b. f. CALISTA, 3 yrs. old—sky blue.

Col. Johnson's ch. f. ANNETTE, 4 yrs. old—blue.

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The sheriff of Lancaster county offers a reward of one hundred and twenty dollars for the apprehension of David Hoffman, Geo. Hambright, Charles Mason, Nathan Foster, James Curry, and Thomas Franklin, who escaped from jail by means of false keys, on the 22d.

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The York U. C. Courier states that measures are about to be taken for the purpose of rendering Grand River navigable for steamboats, to within one mile of Brantford.

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The steamboat "Walk-in-the-water" arrived at New Orleans on the 6th inst. with a cargo of 2387 bales of cotton, weighing 954,800lbs.

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The Treasurer of the Massachusetts General Hospital acknowledges the receipt of one thousand dollars, as a donation from the Hon. John C. Gray.

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A new post office has been established at Elbridge, Onondaga county, called the Jack's Reef Post-office;—Zerah Shephard, Postmaster.

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A meeting has been held at Frankford, Va. for the purpose of petitioning Congress to remove the postage on newspapers.

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LONGEVITY OF BIRDS.—It is a fact that a Parrot died last week on Fell's Point, which had been in the possession of one individual forty five years—the parrot died two days before its owner.

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MRS. DECATUR.—We hope no political feeling will prevent the admission of Mrs. Decatur's claim for that pittance of remuneration due to her husband for the destruction of the Philadelphia frigate. There is no mystery or doubt on the question—it is a clear, equitable, and proper claim for the government to admit. All similar claims are recognized and settled but this. The applicant has become poor in pressing the payment of what is due to her.

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A romantic individual who asked why he shewed greater attachment to a very thin lady than to another who was more lusty. "It is," said he, 'because I am nearer her heart.

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An individual named Shakspeare drowned himself lately in Paris—on learning the news, another remarked, "that it was a great loss to the English stage; but he thought that that author had been dead many years."

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MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—An elderly man named Baldwin, lost his life on Saturday night by falling into the canal at Newark. The body was found yesterday morning.

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## *Business Notes*

OF Merchant Traders and Mechanics discounted on favourable terms by
SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

## SWEEPSTAKE RACES,

NEWMARKET, VA.

THE Proprietor respectfully informs subscribers and non-subscribers, that the following Sweepstakes are proposed to be run over the New-Market Course, at the times therein specified. Some of them are closed, others not closed—and to them additional subscribers are invited.

1st—A Stud Stake, for spring 1832, with three years old; mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; four subscribers, and closed—viz:

James J. Harrison, the get of Arab
John M. Botts, Gohanna
Thomas Watson, Tonson, and
William R. Johnson, Medley.

2nd—A Sweepstake for Spring, 1832, with three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit; fifteen subscribers, and closed—viz.

1—Wm. B. Goodwyn enters Tonson filly, out of Chance Mare.
2—F. P. Corbin, b. c. by Trafalgar, do Isabella's Sister.
3—Thos. Watson, b. c. by Tonson, do. sister to Tuckahoe.
4—W. H. Minge, b. f. by Contention, do Lady Creighton.
5—Wm. Wynn, c. by Tonson, do Isabella.
6—O. P. Hare, c. c. Contention do Calypso
7—John D. Amis, H. Wilkinson's colt by Archie do Ruler Mare.
8—Abner Robinson, (no entry in time)
9—W. R. Johnson, A. R. Govan's b. c. full brother to Polly Jones.
10—John M. Botts, Gohanna filly, do Clifford's dam.
11—Nicholas O. Watkins, ro. c. by Tonson, od
12—John Minge, Jr. b. c. by Arab, do Merino Ewe.
13—John Walthall, br. c. by Hal, do Remus mare.
14—Jas. J. Harrison, R. K. Mead's Gohanna do Lady La Grange.
15—John Flinn, b. c. by Tonson, do Virginian mare.

3rd—A Sweepstake for fall 1832, with three years old; two mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; a few subscribers, and will not close til April 15, 1832.

4th—A produce sweepstake for spring 1833, with three years old; mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit, nine subscribers and closed.

1—John M. Botts, enters produce of Phillis by Medley.
2—James S. Selden, Dismal mare, by Tonson
3—John Walthall, Remus mare, by Medley.
4—Thomas Watson, Lafayette's dam, by Tonson.
5—W. H. Minge, Francisco mare, by Medley
6—Wm. R. Johnson, Sally Walker; by Medley
7—James J. Harrison, Archie mare, by Sir Archie.
8—Robert C. Williamson, Herod mare, by Medley.
9—Edward Wyatt, Archie mare, by Tonson

5th—A Sweepstake for fall 1833, with three years old; two mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; two subscribers, and will not close till January 1, 1833.

6th—A produce Sweepstake for spring 1834, with three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit; ten subscribers and closed.

1—William Wynn, enters produce of Isabella, by Merlin.
2—Abner Robinson, produce of Flirtilla
3—Thomas Ridley, Shylock mare, by Marion
4—G. Goodwyn, Archie mare, by Timoleon
5—William B. Goodwyn, Chance mare by Timoleon.
6—Benj. Shapard, Herod mare, by Sir Charles
7—John P. White, Mischief, by do
8—James Saml. G. Baker, Atlantic mare, by Marion.
9—Wm. M. West, Gallatin mare, by
10—John C. Coode, Archduke mare, by Cadmus.

Feb. 17, O. P. HARE, Pro'r.

## COLTS SWEEPSTAKE.

ON Wednesday the 16th of May, 1832, a Colt's Sweep-Stake will be run for over the Lexington Course—two mile heats—free for any Colts foaled in the State of Georgia, the spring of 1829. Entrance 50 dollars, one half forfeit on failure to run. Five already entered.

And on the following day a Sweep-Stake, mile heats, over the same course, will be run for—free only for Colts foaled in the State, the Spring of 1829—30 dollars entrance, one half forfeit—two entered, and four to constitute a race. The races to be governed by the rules of the turf.

Persons wishing to enter Colts for either of the above Races, can do so by application, written or personal, to John D. Watkins, Secretary, by giving the name and pedigree of his Colt, at any time before Saturday the 17th of March, 1832.

Subscriptions will be received by the Secretary for a Sweep Stake Race, two mile heats, to be run for on the 18th May—free for Horses of all ages raised in the State, and who never won a Jocky Club Purse—weights according to age—four or more to constitute a race—Entrance 50 dollars, half forfeit. One gentleman has left his name with the Secretary, and will bind himself, when enough shall do so, to make the race. Subscriptions to this race will also be closed the 17th of March.

P. S. The members of the Oglethorpe association, for the improvement of the breed of horses, are requested to meet in Lexington on Saturday the 17th March next, when business of importance will be laid before them.

## *Tattersall's, 446 Broadway.*

THE public are respectfully informed that this popular establishment still continues in "the full tide of successful experiment." Horses of all descriptions may be purchase at *Private Sale* from the Bazaar—and public Sales at auction on each Monday afternoon at half past 3 o'clock. Carriages *new* and second hand in endless variety can be seen and bought from the Galleries—Horses kept at Livery in the best possible manner, faithful grooms, pure water, and good feed.

The RIDING ACADEMY under the immediate superintendance of Mr. *Blyth* is open for the winter season, and made comfortable by stoves. Ladies have the opportunity of selecting the hours most convenient to themselves.

* BLYTH & WATSON,
22 *Dec.* 1831 Tattersall's, 456 Broadway.

## TO PRINTERS.

A. PELL & BROTHER,

LATE WM. HAGAR & CO.,

HAVE removed their Type and Stereotype Foundry to No. 26 Gold street, corner of John street, New York, and having greatly enlarged their premises, are prepared to execute orders with great despatch. All articles required by Printers furnished to order at the manufacturer's prices; Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases, &c. constantly on hand.

They have complete series of Fonts, from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence, as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with other Foundries) at 6 months credit or 7 1-2 per cent discount for cash:

| | Per lb. |
|---|---|
| Six Line Pica, and all larger, | 28 cts. |
| Cannon to Six Line Pica, | 30 |
| Double English to Double Paragon, | 32 |
| Great Primer to Double Pica, | 34 |
| English and Pica, | 36 |
| Long Primer, | 41 |
| Bourgeoise, | 46 |
| Brevier, | 56 |
| Minion, | 70 |
| Nonpareil, | 90 |
| Agate, | 1,16 |
| Pearl, | 1,40 |
| Diamond, | 2,00 |

All other articles of the Type Foundry, in proportion.

☞ A PELL & BROTHER, cast their book and newspaper fonts of a metal much lighter than that commonly in use, and which they will warrant much more durable.

A. P. & B. are Agents for the sale of the "Smith's Press," manufactured by R. Hoe & Co. and for the "Washington Press," invented by Rust.

The following are the prices at 6 months credit:

Medium or Royal, $230, Super Royal, $240, Imperial, $250, do No 2, $260, No. 3, $275,

New York, Jan. 20th 1832.

## TO BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS, PAPER MANUFACTURERS, STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS, AND OTHERS.

### *March Trade Sale.*

THE subscribers notify the *Trade* that the first Spring Sale in the city of New York will be held by them on the 27th of March next. The catalogue is already preparing, and will be published about the 15th of February. It will be found to contain large invoices of the most valuable works, published by the first houses in the line. The assortment of Blank Stock to be sold in this sale is very extensive, and of the first quality. There will be upwards of 10,000 Bibles, of various kinds, from the splendid folio to the beautiful diamond copies. On the 28th March, the second day of the sale, will be sold about 20,000 dollars' worth of Stereotype Plates; the works are all popular and valuable, and the plates are nearly new—small editions only have been taken from them.

There will also be sold several Printing Presses, Type, Engraved Coppers, and numerous articles connected with the publishing business.

The subscribers would call the attention of Booksellers residing in the Southern and Western States to this sale; they will find an immense variety of stock to be sold, and will be put up in suitable lots to meet the wishes of the country purchaser.

Those who have surplus stocks of Books to dispose of, will find the approaching sale to combine every advantage desirable to their interest.

Paper manufacturers, having quantities of Cap and Letter Paper on hand, are enabled, in these [illegible] sales, to realize fair prices and quick returns for their property.

Contributors, who intend invoices for the first Catalogue, must forward them to be in New York by the 5th of February; those that are received after this date will be inserted in the second, which will be published early in March. The Catalogue will be distributed extensively throughout the U. States. Should any of the Trade not receive it in due course, they can have it forwarded by mail, on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Auctioneers.

Additional Warehouses are engaged for the reception of consignments; consequently they will be enabled to deliver purchasers their goods without any delay.

Liberal advances made on the receipt of the property. The commissions and charges as heretofore.

PEARSON & GURLEY,
*New York Long Room, 169 Broadway.*
New York City, Jan. 13, 1832.

## BRUCE'S

### NEW-YORK TYPE FOUNDRY,

ESTABLISHED in 1813.—The subscriber has completed a new edition of his book of Specimens, with which his customers, and other printers disposed to buy from him, may be supplied on application at his Foundry, Nos. 18 and 20 Augustus street, behind the City Hall. He would remark, for the information of those who have not been in the habit of dealing with him, and because a different practice has been extensively introduced, that his book contains nothing but the actual productions of his own Foundry, and presents a true specimen of what will be furnished to orders. The assortment is very complete, has been deliberately and carefully in twenty years brought to its present high state of perfection, and embraces a variety of styles adapted to different tastes and to the various departments of printing, Newspaper, Book, and Job, highly finished, and cast of the most serviceable metal Not to notice the varieties which are distinguished by their numbers in the Book, it contains of

ROMAN and ITALICK, 27 sizes' from 12 line Pica to Pearl.
TWO-LINE and TITLE 15 sizes, Two-line Columbian to Agate.
SHADED, 13 sizes, Two-line Pica to Long Primer.
ITALIAN, 7 sizes, Seven-line Pica to Long Primer.
ANTIQUE, 17 sizes, Ten-line Pica to Nonpariel.
BLACK, 12 sizes, Four-line Pica to Minion.
OPEN BLACK, 5 sizes, Four-line Pica to Great Primer.
SCRIPT, 2 sizes, Double Small Pica and Great Primer.

Besides Musick, Back Slope, Ornamental Letters and Lattery Figures, Pica Fractions, Superiours, Astronomical and other Signs, Space Rules, Brass Rules, Ornamental Dashes, Long Braces, more than 200 kinds of Flowers, and 1000 Cuts and Ornaments for School Books, Newspapers, and Scientific works.

Orders for any of these, and also for Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases, Furniture, Printing Ink, or any thing required in the Printing business, will be executed on the most favourable terms, and with the utmost promptitude, a large stock of the Foundry articles being always on hand.

GEORGE BRUCE.
New-York, Jan 28, 1832.

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of *CASSAT & HUTCHISON*, for the purpose of transacting a general

**Commission & Forwarding Business,**

in this city—They have taken the warehouse No 8, Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

***Groceries,***

together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.

*Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.*

## BOOTS, SHOES, & CAPS.

**500** PACKAGES of fresh Boots and Shoes, just received from the Manufacturers, comprising a large assortment of prime goods, well adapted to the present season.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2000 pair | Men's prime thick Brogans and Shoes. | | |
| 1000 do | do second quality do | | do |
| 5000 do | do thick pegged and sewed Boots. | | |
| 5000 do | do kip Brogans and Shoes. | | |
| 1000 do | do fine sewed Brogans and Shoes. | | |
| 2000 do | Gentlemen's calf do | | do |
| 3000 do | Boys' thick do | | do |
| 1000 do | do fine sewed do | | do |
| 3000 do | Women's prime lace leather walking Shoes. | | |
| 2000 do | do sewed and pegged leather Boots. | | |
| 4000 do | do Morocco walking Shoes & Boots. | | |
| 1000 do | do Lasting do | | do |
| 500 do | do half heeled Roans. | | |
| 1000 do | Gentlemen's Russett morning Slippers. | | |
| 2000 do | do Buckskin do | | do |
| 3000 do | do lined and bound grained Brogans and Shoes. | | |
| 2000 do | Misses lasting and morocco Shoes. | | |
| 5000 do | Children's leather, do | | do |

Also, an invoice of 30 cases, comprising a general assortment of Men's and Boys' seal cloth and morocco Caps, &c. for sale by

GEO. W. HOLLAND,
129, Water Street.

NOTICE.—A Lottery will be drawn in New-York each Wednesday throughout the year. The Union Canal Lottery of Philadelphia, will be drawn every other Saturday. Schemes varying from five to ten dollars.

A Lottery is drawn every Friday at Richmond, Va. S. J. SYLVESTER,

Prizes will be cashed at Sylvester's Offices in Pittsburgh, Pa. 130 Broadway, New-York, Main street, Paterson, N. J. Baltimore, Md.

Yates and McIntyre's Tickets and shares are always for sale at the above offices.

When Money is enclosed without the Lottery being specified, tickets will be forwarded in the most approved of Yates and McIntyre's Schemes. A considerable discount allowed to Clubs, and to those who purchase packages.

Adventurers in the country forming clubs or the purchase of Lottery Tickets, (by sending their orders directed to this office) will be dealt with on very liberal terms.

Adventurers abroad ordering tickets will please mention the county town, and State, to prevent mistakes. S. J. SYLVESTER.

## *Bignall's Prize Office,*

**144 Broadway.**

ON Saturday, February 11, will be drawn at Philadelphia, the favorite Union Canal Lottery, Class No. 3, for 1832—54 No. Lottery—8 ballots to be drawn. Yates & M'Intyre Managers

SCHEME.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Prize of | 20,000 | 1 | do. | 5,000 |
| 1 | do. | 3,136 | 4 | do. | 1,000 |
| 14 | do. | 500 | 35 | do. | 100 |

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Tickets Five dollars. Shares in proportion—For sale at Bignall's.

*On Tuesday, February* 14, will be drawn at Wilmington, (Del.) the Grand Consolidated Lottery, Class No. 3, for 1832. 60 No. Lottery, 9 drawn ballots. Yates & M'Intyre, Managers.

SCHEME—1 prize of $10,000; 1 do. 3,000; 1 do. 1,686; 10 do. 1000; 10 do. 100; 10 do. 200; 50 do. 100, &c. &c. &c. Tickets $4; shares in proportion. For sale at *Bignall's.*

## $100,000 *for only* $10!!

The very brilliant DELAWARE & NORTH CAROLINA LOTTERY will be drawn at Wilmington, (Del.) on Tuesday, Feb. 21st, 1832. Ten ballots to be drawn. Yates & M'Intyre Managers.

SCHEME.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 prize of | $20,000 | 1 | prize of | 5,000 |
| 1 | " | 5,000 | 1 | " | 3,000 |
| 100 | " | 1,000 | 56 | " | 1000 |
| 56 | " | 100 | &c. &c. &c. | | |

Tickets $10, shares in proportion, for sale at BIGNALL'S.—Wholes, Halves, Quarters, and Eighths. No disappointment to those who call on Bignall.

☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

## Gold Balances.

PERSONS in the habit of purchasing English Gold, are informed, that the subscriber has just imported some superior BALANCES; they are very small, and particularly correct. Banks should never be without them. They will weigh Sovereigns and Halves, also Guineas, Halves and Thirds. S. J. SYLVESTER.

## TO PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS.

THE subscriber, TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDER, respectfully informs the TRADE, that he is stereotyping the following valuable works, specimen pages of which will shortly be forwarded to them, with the prices of the stereotype plates affixed to each, and also the price of the copy-right of the Treasury of Knowledge.

*The Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference,* (on the plan of Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge,) containing—

A Comprehensive English Grammer, prepared for this work by Goold Brown, author of institutes of English Grammar, &c.

An English Dictionary, to which are prefixed English Verbal Distinctions, classed and illustrated by Lyman Cobb author of the Spelling Book, School Dictionary, and Juvenile Reader.

A New Universal Gazetteer, derived from the latest authorities, with Population and other tables prepared by Edwin Williams, author of the New York Annual Register.

A Comprehensive Classical Dictionary, followed by proper Scripture Names, accented.

A Chronological Analysis of General History; A Dictionary of Law Terms, and various useful Addenda—by a gentleman of the New York Bar, Graduate of Columbia College.

*Bagster's comprehensive Bible,* (on a new type cut expressly for this work) containing the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorised version, with the various readings and marginal notes usually printed therewith. A general introduction, containing disquisitions on the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of The Holy Scriptures—various divisions and marks of distinctions in the Sacred Writings, ancient version, coins, weights and measures, various sects among the Jews; Introduction and concluding remarks to each book. The parallel passages, contained in Rev. T. Scott's commentary 6 vols; Cann's Bible; Rev. J. Brown's self interpreting Bible, 2 vols; Dr. Adam Clark's Commentary, 7 vols; and the English version of Bagster's Polyglott Bible, systematically arranged in historical order; an analysis and compendium of the Holy Scriptures; a chronological Index, interspersed with synchronisms of the most important epochs and events in Profane History; an Index of the subjects contained in the Old and New Testaments; an Index to the Notes, Introductions, and concluding Remarks. 1 vol quarto.

*The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare,* (miniature edition,) 1 vol. 13 or 24mo. printed from the text of the corrected copies of Stephens and Mahlon, with a Life of the Poet, by Charles Symmons, D. D. and a Glossary on pearl type.

JAMES CONNER, Franklin Buildings
corner of Ann and Nassau sts. New York.

## S. J. Sylvester, 130 Broadway,

KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.

The general satisfaction *Sylvester* has hitherto given, and the liberal patronage he has received from all parts of the Union will but stimulate him in his exertions to meet the wishes of his friends, and if attention, punctuality, dispatch, and the strictest honor, will insure him the continuance of their favors, he feels confident of obliging them and he proudly refers to the past as a guarantee for the future. All those who are not already acquainted with Sylvester, can refer to the very first houses in every section of the country, also to the respectable managers, Messrs Yates & McIntyre.

In another advertisement it will be seen that S. J. S. attends as usual to the exchange and commission business; letters will meet with the same attention as on personal application. Those who remit funds, without naming any particular class, will have tickets in the first good scheme.

☞ Orders must be addressed in all cases to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. York, Pittsburgh, Pa., Baltimore, Md., Paterson, N. J.

N. B. To save postage, those that request a certificate of the tickets will be sent and the same will be lodged in the Bank subject to the order of the purchaser. This mode of late has met with much success.

☞ No connection with any other person in the city and no one has permission to solicit orders in my name.

## New Book Establishment.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Western Merchants, that he has recently opened a Book Store on an extensive plan, in the city of Pittsburg, Pa. and has made such arrangements as will enable him to sell at the lowest New-York cash prices and 25 per cent. cheaper than any house in the Western country—Eastern *writing paper* and *Playing cards* in every variety.

☞ Rags in quantities taken in Exchange at the highest market price.

Orders directed to S. J. Sylvester Pittsburg Pa. will meet prompt attention.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N. Y.

N. B. All the FOREIGN and AMERICAN Periodicals can be obtained at the Pittsburgh Store.

## CHAS. B. CHRISTMAN,

MANUFACTURER of MUSICAL INstruments, having taken the First Premium for the best Flutes, Accordions, Kent and Pocket Bugles, at the Annual F

# SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK

**Saturday Morning, March 3, 1832.**


### To our Friends and Patrons.

As we present our paper to our friends today in a different dress, we take advantage of the occasion to say a word in apology for the indifferent figure we made under our old head. We assure our readers, that any opinions they may have formed of our taste, from our supposed satisfaction with the *sorry cut* which has before disfigured the head of the paper, must necessarily be erroneous. We have been aware from the beginning, of its shabby appearance, and we have seriously regretted it. We were much disappointed in it ourselves, having been led by the opinions of Artists to expect quite a different thing. In deciding to commence our publication under a "star so inauspicious," rather than to delay till a new head could be executed, our determination may have been, and we fear was, ill-judged. We now abjure the ill-omened influence, and look for success under a more propitious planet.

To those Editors who have noticed and ventured to encourage our publication thus far, we now offer our acknowledgements, and hazard the expectation that the different garb we have assumed will not dispose them to withdraw their kind offices. To others, who, from a mere glance at our former head, have ranked us with a class of publications which depend for support on their envious scandal or gross indelicacy, (a class which none deprecate more sincerely than ourselves) we have only to name our regret that they did not look further, and our wishes that they may now give us our due, "be it for good or be it for evil."

There are many, we doubt not, who, having chanced to meet with our publication, have conceived a dislike to it from the same fertile source of prejudice, its forbidding head, (we beg pardon for referring so frequently to the poor thing.) This rock of offence has now been removed, and with it, we hope the prepossessions to which it may have given rise in the minds of many; to all such, and the public at large, we beg once more briefly to state the scope of our design. It will be our *principal object* to fill our columns with interesting accounts of the fashionable sports and pastimes of the day.

All manner of Field Sports delight us, and we have a peculiar penchant for Racing. We hold in all becoming reverence the memory of Izaak Walton, and his redoubtable and, in actual service, not unequal follower, Jack Crane, under whose auspices our own piscatory taste and skill were acquired. And further, (with the reader's leave) we are among the number of those "who lean to the soft side of the heart,"—we take pleasure in the fascination of the song and the dance, and, like a Lady, "at an Opera, we expire." This simple statement of the peculiarities of our taste will enable the reader to make a shrewd guess at the character of our paper. It is modelled, so far as we may be said to have our model, upon Bell's Life in London. But the different degrees of attention given to the sports of the Turf and the Ring &c. in England and in America, will lead to a corresponding departure in us from our great pattern. Our columns will be filled with articles of a more miscellaneous character of *less local* interest; as may be seen at once by a reference to our Prospectus in former papers.—In fine, it may be said that our object is *not only* to give as correct a picture as possible of "Life in New-York," but likewise, full and interesting details of the "Spirit of the Times."

It has not escaped us that the greatest obstacle to our undertaking will be the questionable character we are liable to have imputed to us, on the score of good breeding. If, however, the utmost propriety in our selections for the paper,—the most gentlemanly courtesy towards every one,—and unwearying assiduity in the general management of our concern, can remove any such unfavourable impression, we look with perfect confidence for a liberal patronage.

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To Subscribers.—We were not aware until too late, that one of our carriers had "played us false" in not regularly serving our sheet. It seems that for two weeks past he has neglected a part of his route, and converted the papers to his own use. We shall feel obliged if those who have not been served with all the numbers would give us notice, and we will furnish them as far as lies in our power, where we have not sufficient of our own, Foreign papers will be given in exchange if called for.

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We hope our patrons will not deem it unfair or presumptuous in us to say that the future numbers of the Spirit of the Times will be "better got up." As the permanency of our publication is now unquestionable, we shall expect more from correspondents, and shall be enabled to select from a larger and more interesting exchange. Delays have unavoidably taken place, notwithstanding our utmost efforts, in obtaining Foreign periodicals. Hereafter there will nothing be wanting on this score.

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The Balls, Assemblies, and Coteries of last month, appear to be somewhat at a stand. We have heard of no *great enterprises* among the Fashionables since the 22d ult. This will never do. Jennings must look out another time, and not so surfeit his visitors with elegance and splendor, as to produce so total a calm. He knows not the mischief he is doing. Many are the "sly intrigues" and "fitful passions," which will be interupted or dispelled by the present suspense. For where can such things be carried on or conceived, but in the crowded assemblage? Publicity, now-a-days, is the very essence of them. And then this making love in private is so lackadaisical!!

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The Late Fire.—Almost all the City Presses have renewed the proposition so frequently made to close up Gather-Lane, which was partially destroyed by fire on Sunday last, for next to the Five Points, there is no greater nuisance in the city. It is a nest of old rookeries, inhabited by the lowest description of people and quarrelling and drunkenness prevail there night and day, in the heart of the most valuable and respectable part of our city. If there are legal difficulties, an application to the Legislature will soon remove them, and no improvement is so loudly called for and required.

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McDonnell's Benefit.—We understand this distinguished leader of the Fancy, is to receive a benefit on Monday evening next, at Masonic Hall, Broadway; Sparring to commence at 8 o'clock.—It is unnecessary to remark that much interest is excited among the *"swells,"* and that real sport is expected, from Mc's staunch and fine condition.

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Scarcity of Money.—Virgil in one of his Eclogues, under the character of Tyterus congratulates himself upon his quiet possession of his paternal lands. *Well* would it have been for the purse of the Mantuan Bard, had he lived in our goodly city just at this time; and *very well* would it be for some of our worthy citizens, to possess the fee-simple of the Poet's lands. While millions are to be loaned upon 'bond and mortgage,' not a stiver can be obtained upon 'approved paper.' Nay, so great is the pressure, that we hesitate not to assert, that upon that thrice 'most approved' paper, the Spirit of the Times, not an *immense* sum could be raised! Distressing indeed must be the scarcity!!

And yet they say, that those confounded Bostonians are as quiet and contented and well supplied as possible. This is singular! that those ignorant Jonathans should find *their* coffers *full*, while the descendants of the Van Twillers, of the Knickerbockers and of the Van Hauseineters are obliged to toil and fret to obtain a *single groat* in this fair city of Nieuw Amsterdam? Well indeed has it been said of those cunning Yankees, 'They beat the Dutch.'

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Affairs at Washington.—It has been inquired of us by correspondents, why we do not give regularly an analysis of the proceedings of Congress. An important reason for this course is the fact, that such an analysis would be rather a stale affair for most of our readers.

Perhaps we *had* another reason for this. Perhaps we thought that it would ill-become such humble individuals as ourselves, whose highest ambition should be to entertain our readers with accounts of cock-fightings, and boxing-matches, to comment upon the proceedings of so august a body as the Senate and Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled. If any such cause *did* influence us—if any such barrier *did* interpose between the above named parties; it is now utterly removed—the charm is gone. Events have recently taken place at Washington, and are now transpiring, of a cast not remarkably flattering to the dignity of the people's servants;" *indeed*, were we inclined to fill our columns with the real genuine 'raw-head and bloody-bone' stories, we never had a more favorable opportunity, so far as abundance of matter goes. But we won't meddle with the trash. We are waiting till the real claret flows, which we hope will be soon. Not that we are partial, either in theory or practice, to the "satisfactory" method of settling quarrels; but we are fearful that folks will begin to think all our great *men* equally great *cowards*. Recent events remind one almost too forcibly of an old fashioned saying. "Great cry and little wool." If honorable gentlemen find themselves so excessively pugnacious, we advise that a detachment of them should proceed immediately to Lexington, and take *a bout* with the editor of the Kentucky Gazette. Mr. Trotter is a match for the whole of them; and *he* is 'honor,'—'gentleman,'—and *courage too*, to the entire extent of 'honorable gentlemen's wishes.'

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We did not receive in time for our outside, the official account of the late Races at Charleston, South Carolina. They will be found on our second page. They have been well attended, and the interest felt on the result has been intense.

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"A Shake in Music."—We copied in our last weeks paper from a Philadelphia print a humerous poetical article, with the above caption. We have since learnt that it should have been credited to the Constellation, although no credit was given to it in the print we selected it from. This should remind, the Dr. that if he had sent us the Constellation which is due for two weeks, we should not thus unconsciously have fallen into this error.

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The following palpable hit of the Boston Fredonian, is too good to be lost; we think it will apply as well to a body we wot of, whose name—"we beg you won't mention it."

Gaping.—This practice is a pleasant one and very fashionable at the House of Representatives; we had the pleasure of seeing one of our honourable's lantern jaws open like the crater of Ætna disclosing a broken hedge fence of teeth, threatening death to all defunct geese, pullets, oxen and sheep, and profound delight at the speech "being let off" by one of the *air guns* of the house.—The editor justly remarks as we know from experience, that "this practice is apt to rid one of a tiresome companion when aimed directly at his *mums*" and he avers that he knows of a lover in a "protestation of never-to-be-dreamed of affection, by a well timed yawn, thrown out of sentiment into sense, and instead of blowing out his brains in disappointment, gracefully clapping his hat on to cover them.

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Mrs. Mina, whose trial for the murder of her husband has excited such general interest even here, it seems has been aquitted. The trial commenced on Monday the 13th inst. and was not concluded until the night of Saturday the 23th. The Jury agreed on their verdict in two hours after they retired from the court room. Mina is not to be put on his trial until April next.

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Suicide.—A Coroner's Inquest was held on Monday over the body of a man found dead in the cleft of a rock on Wchawk Heights. The deceased was discovered extended at full length, in a part of the cleft so narrow that it was with difficulty his body was extricated without mutilation. His right hand tightly grasped a pistol, from which it was supposed he fired the ball through his head which caused his death. Another ball had passed through his body, and this it is supposed he had first fired from another pistol which lay near him. The body of the unfortunate man was not recognized yesterday by any person who saw it, nor had he in his pockets any papers or other things which would lead to the discovery of his name. A few scraps of paper, on which some words in the French language had been written, were found near him, but they were so torn that nothing could be learned from them. He was about 10 years old and was genteelly attired. The Jury gave a verdict in accordance with these circumstances.

The unfortunate suicide was buried near the spot on which he was found. He was not recognised by any of the numbers who saw him. It has since been discovered that his name is *Carl Koessler*.

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Centennial Celebration.—Our city did not take the lead as usual in public celebrations. Philadelphia takes the palm we think; the procession in that city, covering an extent of 4 miles and 35 feet. We have papers from all the cities in the Union, which are filled with the "orders of the day" or accounts of some almost half-a-dozen columns of the proceedings. The editor of the Bulletin (Philadelphia) says "for ourselves we shall be satisfied if no other centennial occurs in our time."

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## MILLING MATCH,

BETWEEN MC DONNELL AND O'HEGAN.

We have been favored with the following account of the meeting of those real *lads of the Fancy*, McDonnell and O'Hegan, which took place on Monday last, for $100 a side. They have before come to the "scratch" and have for some time been in training; both men being backed by the "swells" and "Corinthians" of the first order, whose principal object was to preserve the *sports of the Ring*, and to give encouragement to athletic exercises.

As we said before, the match was made among the *nobs* and *swells*, and gentlemen were appointed to name the place of meeting, whose knowledge of localities, it was thought, would enable them to select a spot free from objection; the place fixed on was Hoboken, that land sacred to "Honorable meetings," but owing to *Magisterial interference*, they were obliged to *give way* and break out some other ground. Though the friends of the belligerents used all their eloquence to *Stall off* the *traps*, it was to no purpose; the persons interfering had their instructions, and expressed their determination to perform their duty. As it was understood that the power of these *inexplorables* did not extend beyond Hoboken itself, it now became a question for consideration what location was best suited for the *display*; a fine *plot of earth*, was agreed on at last, about a mile from the town of Newark, where the stakes and ropes being adjusted, about half past four o'clock the men made their appearance, attended by their seconds, bottle-holders and friends. At this time there was on the ground about 1500, spectators composed mostly of the *Fancy* and the ground exhibited a truly lively appearance.

COMMUNICATION.

McDonnell first appeared in the Ring, and by way of a token threw up his *castor*, amidst the cheers of his friends. O'Hegan immediately followed him and in turn was loudly greeted; they tossed for choice of ground, which was won by McDonnell, and they immediately commenced the *Mill*.

*Round 1st.*

Both men came to the *scratch*, each appeared confident of winning, both cautious for some minutes McDonnell displaying good science and to all appearance the best man; he first broke ground with a faint hit at his opponent's *bread-basket*, who in endeavouring to stop received McDonnell's right on his *smeller*; both closed and some sharp fibbing followed and *claret* was observed to flow from Mc's *snout*: he got away giving his opponent a sharp hit on the *pimple* which floored him.

*Round 2nd.*

Both came to the *scratch* in good style, each displaying great confidence and anxious for the fight; O'Hegan made a straight forward hit at Mc's *phiz*, but missed and received a *muzzler* from McDonnell's right, which he immediately gave a receipt for, by planting his right on Mc's *peeper*; some sharp hitting ensued, and this time McDonnell smelt the ground. Here the sons of *Greece* bellowed aloud for O'Hegan.

*Round 3d.*

Pretty severe hitting, blows exchanged on both sides for several minutes; in this round they both received severe fibbing, McDonnell evidently appeared to have the best of it; here the ring was broken and the round closed in the greatest confusion; the spectators and fighters being altogether, it was impossible to distinguish what was going on.

*Round 4th.*

After some delay the ring was again cleared, when both came up fresh, having had time to *snort* awhile; Mc popped in a right handed body blow; on retreating O'Hegan followed him up to meet a smashing hit on his *countenance* which confused his *cannister* for some moments, but finding there was no time to be lost he plunged in meaning mischief; he this time received a right and left short ribber; Mc got away and again played round his gigantic antagonist for some seconds, when O'Hegan made an attempt to close but met Mc's *manly* under the left *listener*, which kept him at a distance, and rather confuted his *knowledge box* for some moments; he at length came up for something; he attempted a smashing hit at Mc's *phiz*, but was again disappointed, as in that attempt he received a smart hit which drew his *claret* profusely; here again the ring was confused and the round closed.

*Round 5th.*

Mc made play with his left and received a slight hit in return; O'Hegan rattled in for a rally, both receiving punishment; but here Mc peppered him pretty considerably which ended by a *muzzler* from Mc's right; here the bullying of O'Hegan's party again confused the ring; in this round they were both down, but owing to the confusion we were not able to see how they came there; (cheers for Mc and loud cries of "Och! and by my soul, Mc's the boy what e'll win the fight, my boys.")

*Round 6th.*

Both came up with ugly *mugs*, neither appeared to be pleased with their punishment; Mc played away right and left, missed a left *jobber* but caught a severe counter hit; a rally, in which slight hits were exchanged; Mc came in with his left, which O'Hegan stopped with his *pimple*; they then came to a close and went down; (cries of take O'Hegan away, take him away.)

*Round 7th.*

Both appeared undetermined what to be at for some seconds, each puffing; Mc rushed in with his left giving a heavy *snorter*; a rally, and both went down; at the end of this round O'Hegan declared he would fight no longer, and both men were taken away by their friends, each claiming the fight. We understand that is left to the Umpires to decide.

Mc appears but little the worse for the fight, with the exception of a dark *peeper*; we understand that O'Hegan is considerably punished.

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Police Reports.—We have the full Reports of the past week: but as nothing of much interest has occurred, and we are crowded with more acceptable matters, we have thought proper to omit them altogether.

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Well executed counterfeit bills purporting to have been drawn by the U. States' Bank, for ten dollars, are in circulation at Philadelphia.

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The Flood.—We learn that the late tremendous flood in the West is subsiding. Accounts are daily accumulating of extensive losses of property, both public and private. The Cincinnati American in an extra, remarks that its power is slowly decreasing. It seems that the report of an inundation at New-Orleans is contradicted.

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## THE DRAMA.

We are not about to "bore" our readers, *at this time*, with nice and subtle arguments on the old theme of Theatrical entertainments. The question involved is undoubtedly a fair one, and affords opportunity for the most extensive illustration, and close thinking. Taking the ground we do in relation to the Theatre, *such* a discussion might possibly be born with; but casuistry of any kind, especially upon a subject like this, in which the feelings are enlisted, almost always produces the same result—each party is confirmed in its former opinions, and *blinded thoroughly* to the little weight it had before seen in its opponents arguments.

But to the point. We propose *after this number*, to make Green Room Intelligence, a more conspicuous department than we have usually done. In addition to the ordinary critiques upon dramatic entertainments for the week, which are almost too much a matter of course to be amusing, we intend to give anecdotes and sketches of the lives of distinguished Actors. We are not confident that we shall be able to carry this plan into effect;—materials *may* be wanting, but we trust not. A strong interest is always felt in the characteristic incidents of a great Actor's life. For ourselves we confess that a well told anecdote of the comicalities and adventures of such men as Quin, Colman, or Foote, loses, with us, little of its spirit and raciness upon a repetition. We presume we are not singular in this.

We shall hold ourselves obliged to such persons as may be willing to furnish us with occasional communications connected with this subject.

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## PARK THEATRE.

The new Opera of the Maid de Judah has been the principal attraction at this house the past week. Great efforts having been made to prepare it effectively, much interest in the friends of the drama was excited. It would be doing injustice to the manager and the actors generally to speak critically of the piece on its first representation; and we doubt if a correct opinion could be given by hearing it once, particularly the first night of performance, it being little more than a finishing rehearsal. Great applause was bestowed both on the acting and singing, and we are of the opinion of a morning cotemporary, that it "will be adopted as a decided favorite, though, it can hardly be expected to have such a run as Cinderella."

The Opera is drawn from Scott's Ivanhoe, and contains some of the most thrilling and striking incidents in that splendid romance.

It is rather a selection of prominent scenes than a condensation of the narrative, and the magnificent inventions of the author are presented in action and life, with the costumes, manners, and mode of life of the Normans and Saxons of England six hundred years ago. The incidents are connected with sufficient skill to preserve the interest of the tale, and most of the characters of the the romance are retained. Much has been wholly omitted, while other parts have been altered and curtailed, according to dramatic usage. It is an inherent and necessary defect in the Opera that it does not give *all* which the spectator, familiar with romance, desires to see, and the feeling of disappointment allays the effect of the drama. But this will probably wear off. The music is of a high order and for the most part admirably executed. The concerted pieces and the chorusses are effective, to say the least; the quintette, "Oh, cruel fate, &c." was particularly impressive—and the Cavatina of Rebecca is one of the most brilliant and delightful pieces of music that we ever listened to.

The scenery is worthy of the distinguished artist who prepared it, and of the drama which it illustrates; it is magnificent. But in behalf of Dunn & Evers and the audience, we entreat of the gentlemen scene shifters, to exercise more of their wonted skill and accuracy. Much allowance is to be made for a first representation—but their fair fame will suffer a stain if their faults are again so visible.

The costumes are sufficiently correct and exhibit a fair transcript of the appearance of our ancestors of those days. The dress of the Temple knights especially, is very striking. The fashions of the olden time have been closely imitated, from the ancient descriptions and drawings.

The acting was generally good. Miss Hughes proved, what we have before suspected, that practice was only required to make her one of our best actresses. Her recitation was excellent, and to several passages she gave thrilling impressiveness—particularly the noble trial scene, when her patient, yet dignified fortitude, and the plaintive sweetness of her resignation as she bends to her desolation, bear out perfectly the character stamped on our hearts by him who conceived it. Mr. Jones sung admirably, and received the only encore which the audience called for during the opera. Messrs. Simpson, Barry, Woodhull, Ritchings, Bancker, Blakely and the "small fry," did infinite justice to their characters, but will in some parts improve: on the whole, we wish the Opera, Manager, and all great success.—the Opera, because we like it, the Manager, on account of his courtesy in not furnishing us with a "free ticket," and the actors, because they so well deserve it.

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## RICHMOND-HILL THEATRE.

Mr. Russel continues his unwearied exertions to deserve the favor of the public as well by the variety as the excellence of his entertainments. Adelmorn the Outlaw, The Point of Honor, Ella Rosenburg and a number of standard plays, have been lately brought out; and the Manager is exerting his whole force for the production of the Forty Thieves in a style of surpassing attraction.

Adelmorn the Outlaw has been decidedly well received. Mr. Judah, as Adelmorn, acquitted himself with credit; and Mr Clarke as Ulric played much better than we had previously seen him; his improvement in villany (the representation of it we mean) is understood to be consequent on an amendation of his health. Mestayer was as ludicrous as ever. But after all, the superiority of this Theatre lies in its feminine performers, and there it is absolutely unrivalled. Mrs. Duff was all herself as Imogen; need we—could we say more? Mrs. Russell, as the boy Herman, uncommonly happy, and gave the song of *Stop thief* with a most bewitching grace. We opine that this lady has not been allowed that rank in the distribution of characters to which her merits entitle her, an injustice which will yet be remedied. For easy and graceful deportment, and lively and arch expression, Mrs. Russel is not exceeded by any lady on the New York stage; and if she does not obtain an overflowing benefit ere long, it will be an impeachment of the generosity and justice of the public.

A young lady who is designated by the appellation of Miss Smith, (we are not in the secrets of the Greenroom, and cannot therefore say whether it be her real name or an assumed one,) has recently made her appearance on the boards of this Theatre; and if it be really, as stated, her first appearance on any stage, we venture to predict that she is destined to make a figure in the profession she has chosen. We will however, defer the encomiums which we feel inclined to bestow upon her, until a few evenings' observation shall enable us to determine whether our admiration is not that of the bachelor rather than the critic.

Mrs. Keppel has finished a short engagement; in which, although a fascinating actress she did not create that sensation which was anticipated, on account of the constellation of female talent already in possession of the field. As a vocalist only, did she exhibit surpassing merit. Quizzing Glass & Co.

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## CHATHAM THEATRE AND CIRCUS.

The last week has been distinguished by the best personations and performances at this establishment we have ever known. Mrs Thorne, a deserving actress commenced on Monday evening with a benefit; since then, Messrs Asten, Perez, and others have also brought forward their claims which have been met with that usual liberality which distinguishes our city so pre-eminently. Good houses have generally attended, and we hope this will encourage Mr. Phillips to persevere in his assiduity to please.

[illegible] the splendid horses, stallion, some description of but a press of matter will not admit of it; we shall take occasion to avert to this subject in a future number. Would one of the Comicalities Co. give us in some shape the names, and some account of the best horses? We should be much gratified to be able to notice them at length.

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We have seen nothing of late with which we have been better pleased, than an article in the last number of the Mirror, under the caption of "Basil Hall's account of the American Drury," said to have been "found among some of his loose papers." The writer has read the Captain's travels in this country to some effect, and his account of the Park is very little more at variance with the true state of that Theatre, than the Capt.'s notice of the manners and customs of our citizens, our public Institutions, &c.

We have made some extracts, which will we think amuse those of our readers who are acquainted with the real state of things.

The Park Theatre has long been the admiration of every one who has never seen any other, and has invariably met the warm approbation of those who understand not a word about the matter. The beauty of the outside is a matter of serious astonishment, consisting of the best quality of colored plaster varlegated by straight lines, which are ingeniously intended to imitate cracks. Indeed, the munificence of its owners has spared neither plaster nor brown paint to impart to it a sombre cast, and anxious for improvement, they have changed it from its former color, which was yellow, here and there blackened with smoke, to one of becoming and unvaried brown. Mounting three most magnificent wooden steps, corresponding in richness to the whole of the exterior, you enter the outer lobby, at the right of which is a box-office. You purchase your ticket through a little hole in the door, and in a large crowd, you must stand your chance with other adventurers of getting your arm broken. If successful in buying your ticket, you pursue your way, and you walk in the boxes, and find yourself in a large room with a flat ceiling. The seats are covered with beautiful red baize, and great care is taken in lighting the room to supply the audience with an equal degree of light and smoke. The orchestra is divided from the pit by a board partition, on the top of which, I understand, there used to be a row of iron points. These have been removed, but whether from an apprehension that they might injure the audience, or that the audience might injure them, I have been unable to discover. Several years ago, I also learn, the boxes were ornamented with paintings, which were much admired. No foolish attempts at illustrations from Shakspeare—no heads of eminent actors, &c., but beautiful pictures of ideal things which were never seen, heard, nor thought of but here. They used to be ornamented with little naked cupids, who appeared to be eating bread and butter, and rolling head over heels on brown roses and little cornucopiae.

The scenery of this astonishing exhibition is admirable in the extreme. The same street answers for N. York, London, Paris, or Madrid—the most distant part of Russia, or ancient Greece. Often we see Monsieur Tonson's cottage snugly situated in Rome, and are delighted to behold Brutus haranguing the greasy citizens in a street like Broadway—iron railings, three story brick houses, lamp-posts and all.

I was not long since looking over the papers, when I saw Mr. Booth's benefit announced for that evening, and as I have often admired this gentleman, I determined to attend. The play, which was the Bride of Abydos, was supported to the pleasing astonishment of all parties.

I was much edified by the banquet scene, where Selim fires his two pistols, each of which killed its man. The scene changed, but as one of the bodies in the agonies of death had fallen too far out, it was knocked by the half of a handsome palace, which was just then making its appearance. The poor dead man, seeing no one near to take him away, concluded he had best do it himself, and actually jumped up with great agility, and scrambled out on all fours, upon which the audience were manifestly delighted, and gave him three rounds of applause, accompanied with many gratified smiles in token of their pleasure at his unexpected recovery.

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Italian Opera Company.—The Italian Opera Company engaged by Mr. L. Da Ponte, of N. York, at the request of a number of gentlemen of N. York and Philadelphia, who have united for the purpose of introducing into this country the "sweet and celestial harmony" of Italian music, may be shortly expected. The Manager of the Italian Opera at Bologna writes Mr. Da Ponte, under date 11th Dec. "I am now uniting a complete company of good, and most part excellent singers, deserving your approbation, and that of your respectable public. As to the manner of our journey, which you proposed, we are entirely satisfied, consequently accept your offer. You may send the vessel when you please. In a month from the present date the company will be complete, and as soon as I receive your answer to this, I shall sail with the whole company, from Leghorn, with every necessary thing."

We understand from Mr. L. Da Ponte, (says the Evening Post,) that the company will most probably not wait for an answer to this letter, as all the information required by the Manager was forwarded some time since, by the brig Warsaw, in which vessel the company were to sail.

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Miss McKenzie, the vocalist.—We understand this young lady is one of the number engaged by Mrs. Hamblin to visit this country early in the Spring. Mrs H. would gratify the public more by *her own return*, than in sending over an entire *corps dramatique*, and we are happy to state that she is expected here to open the American Theatre, the 17th instant. Miss McKenzie is said to be a lady of much ability, and possesses a voice of extraordinary power, considering her age, being only in her fifteenth year; she will no doubt prove a valuable accession to our boards. She has lately entered into an engagement with Mr. Copeland, of the Theatre Royal, Lancaster, and made a successful debut on the 1st ultimo. The editor of the *Lancaster Gazette*, in his critique on the Theatre, speaks of Miss McK. in the following manner:—

'Miss Mackenzie's is a new face, and her singing is of an order not to be met with every day on the stage of a provincial theatre. Her low notes are of great power, and possess extraordinary sweetness. Her acting is not inferior to her vocal powers. In the mean time she has our thanks for having occasioned us much delight, and our best wishes for her success at all times and in all places.'

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Mr. Adams, the distinguished tragedian was caught one evening in the city, and played Hamlet at Richmond Hill, with great applause.

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Bowery, will open on [illegible] with a powerful company; Messrs. Booth and Hamblin, and Miss Clifton will appear.

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The Park Theatre is Editors.—It seems we are by no means the only "luckless wights" who are denied the freedom of this house. The editors of the Courier in a late critique on the performances at the Park, says "we sometimes take a half dollar cut in the *Pit*," and the editor of the Constellation, a short time since made the observation that in his seat in the *Pit*, he is enabled to give impartial critiques without being biassed in his opinion by the gentlemanly courtesy of the Manager: and the editors of the Mirror seem to be in the same situation, as respects this common privilege. Every Theatre, Museum, Library or other place of amusement in the city, are in the habit of giving the "fraternity" the freedom of the same; and we believe this is the only exception to this general custom. The manager *may* opine that it is no waste of time, or trouble, to give a critique of the performances at the Park, but we could convince him that he is much mistaken, and farther that to do this, one must attend the representation of a piece several times to be able to speak truly and justly of its demerits, which no editor to our knowledge can afford. We look for more liberal and enlightened views on this subject.

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Philadelphia.—Arch-street Theatre is said to have had good houses during the week. Booth has been the chief attraction in tragedy. Blanchard, we believe, at this theatre, carried off not a few of the laurels. The Walnut-street Theatre is famous for pantomimes; Mother Goose is the go there. Chesnut-street Theatre is shut. Mr. Hamblin played Brutus to Booth's Cassius, on the 25th to an overflowing house. Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Stowe, are also gaining credit.

Baltimore.—The Theatre has been shut up since the Anderson row. After the repairs are finished, the broken windows mended, &c. the managers intend to open for the spring season.

Charleston.—Mr. Hackett played "Jonathan in England," and the "Lion of the West," for his benefit on the 20th, and Miss Clara Fisher was to make her first appearance on the 21st. Crowded houses have listened to Hackett ever since his arrival, and his benefit was a bumper.

Norfolk.—Blake has succeeded in gaining good houses, by his selection of actors and pieces. Forrest was playing there at the last accounts.

New-Orleans.—Mr. Finn has been playing Sir Ed. Mortimer, and received great applause. Mr. Keppell is also playing there; both, we understand, to full auditories.

The Western Theatres, at Natchez, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, &c. are generally well supplied with the profession, but the names of their stars are not very familiar on this side the mountains.

Augusta.—Mrs. Barton, Holland, and Mrs. Pindar, are there. Some stars are expected soon, which will give a greater zest to the performances.

Boston.—We have nothing of interest in this department from B. the last week. Mr. Sinclair closed a successful engagement last week.

Providence.—Hilson is doing well, as he deserves; his stock company is thought to be one of the best in the country.

Albany.—The Theatre has again been opened under the direction of Messrs. Duffy & Forrest, W. Forrest, Esq. Manager; we should think with a good prospect of success.

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## Musical Instruments, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from the Brig Laura, two cases of Music and Musical Instruments; consisting of Violins, bound with Ivory, and Patent Screws; Violin Bows, inlaid with Pearl and Silver, of superior workmanship; beautiful Guitars, with Machine Screws, inlaid with Pearl; Violin Pegs, do. extra fine, with Ebony and Pearl sides; do. Tail Pieces; do. Bridges; Violin Strings. Military Instruments, consisting of Concert Horns, with 4, 6, and 9 pair of Crooks Trumpets, Bass and Tenor Trombones, Bass Horns, also a new and beautiful instrument named the Bonibadore, with twelve keys.

New Music for the Piano and Flute; Duetts for two Flutes; Overtures for two Flutes; Operas for two Violins; do. for two Violins and Bass Viol; Guitar Music; Trios for Flutes, &c.

Also on hand, a large assortment of Instruments of his own manufacture; Splendid Eight-keyed Flutes, Clarionets, Double and Single Flageolets, and Accordions. The Accordion is played upon by the hands, with gentle motion, and emits most beautiful sounds. The above articles can be had on the most liberal terms, at the store of

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## The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

### TO DRINK OR NOT TO DRINK.

The following is from a volume just published by Mr. Thomas Moore:—

"Some mortals there may be so wise or so fine,
As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see—
But as I'm not particular—wit, love, and wine
Are, for one night's amusement, sufficient for me.
Nay—humble and strange as my taste may appear,
If driven to the worst, I could manage, thank heaven,
To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,
And with wine such as this is, six days out of seven.
So pledge me a bumper: your sages profound
May be blest, if they will, in their own patent plan—
But as we are not sages, why—send the cup round,
And I'll be a sage of the true Grecian ban.

"A reward by some King was once offered we're told,
To who'er could invent a new bliss for mankind:
But talk of new pleasures! give me but the old
And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find
Or should I, in quest of new realms of bliss,
Set sail in the pinnace of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this;
And such eyes as we've here be the star of my way!
In the meantime a bumper—your angels on high
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span,
But as we are not angels, why, to the flask fly—
We must only be happy all ways that we can."

We find the following letter in the Boston Transcript. The writer seems to be opposed to the restrictive system, and because he is pinched thereby, doubts the necessity of *duties* protecting domestic articles.

"Sir—As editors of public journals are supposed to be well informed on all subjects, and ready to impart their knowledge to every inquirer, I take the liberty to call upon you for information upon a subject that I deem important. I am a bachelor; not an *old one*, sir, but old enough to have an inclination to taste the pleasures of matrimony, and rich enough to afford a prudent woman an honorable support, which I desire to do as soon as I can become *acquainted* with a lady with whom I can safely trust my hopes of future happiness. The difficulty with me is want of opportunity of becoming *acquainted* with the fair. Parents and guardians in this city are so careful of their daughters and wards, that they will hardly suffer them to be approached until they are *engaged*; and if one should be found willing to relax a little the rigor of the present system, the *public* will not allow a man to visit a young lady once or twice a week without pronouncing the parties *engaged*.

I have suffered both ways. Having been introduced to a lady of some attractions, I ventured to call upon her at her father's house three times; and before the close of the day on which I made the last call, (and it was the *last*,) application was made through a friend to know "what was my design?" After this sudden retreat I ventured again, in a quarter where I hoped to find guardians less watchful; and congratulated myself upon my fair prospect of success, when, lo! before three short weeks had passed over my head, I found myself congratulated by others upon my engagement to the charming Miss N——. Do tell me, Mr Editor, if this fashion prevails throughout our city; and if so, what precise number of times an unmarried man may call upon a single lady before her friends have a right to enquire what his motives are, or the acquaintances of either to pronounce them engaged? SOLUS.

A Curiosity.—As a couple of Irishmen were at work the other day, one of them happening to espy a bird flying near him with a feather in his bill, exclaimed,

'Arrah! Pat, and is'nt that a curiosity?'

'What, a curiosity?—

'Why, sure, that bird there flying away with a feather.'

'Och! and would'nt it be a greater curiosity if he flew away with no feather, at all, at all.'

Leap Year.—The present is the year in which according to the customs of "Auld Lang Syne," ladies are entitled to assume to themselves peculiar and most formidable privileges; according to the Hagerstown Free press, one lady has already asserted her rights, though at some little expense to maintain them.

A rather novel way of paying old debts, or of having them paid, occurred in our town a few days since and is worth recording. The circumstances as related to us are these: and we give them as they may be of benefit to some of our fair readers.

A buxom young lass, remembering the proverb handed down to us from time immemorial, "that leap year was the girl's time to go a courting, made this laudable resolve, "that she would offer her services to some one of the 'sons of men,' and if they were not accepted the fault of her not being married should not be attributed to her." The first attack of this love sick fair one, was made on an honest hard working son of the "Vader-land" who it appears had been foremost in her thoughts for some time previous. After sundry preliminaries, and after whispering many *soft* things in his ear, she popped the heart throbbing question, "will you marry me?" This sudden appeal to his love quite amazed the artless Dutchman, who was unpractised in the "deception that lurks in woman's heart." However, after weighing the matter, and thinking such a chance should not be let slip unheeded, he made the following propositions to the fair suitor, 'that she was to pay several debts which he had contracted, and which he was unable to liquidate—pay the parson—and hire a gig to take a wedding frolic!—She, without much hesitation, recollecting that,

"She who does good with her money and pelf,
Is a help to her neighbors as well as herself,"

readily agreed to all his propositions, and forthwith they became man and wife.

Dueling.—By the Mexican laws, if a man kills another in a duel, he becomes answerable for all his debts.

A raftsman who had drank a little too freely, fell from a part of the raft where he was employed, and was near drowning, when his brother plunged in to his relief, seized him by the hair, and was struggling with him to the shore. The tide was strong, and the brother's strength was nearly exhausted, he was about to relinquish his hold, when the despairing one, raising his head above the water, exclaimed, "Hang on Sam! hang on! I'll treat, I swear I will."

His words were stimulating, and the brother at length saved him.

A man was cutting straw in a machine on a chilly day, when one of his fingers was clipped off so smoothly that he did not discover the accident till one of his companions seeing it on the barn floor, asked him whose it was? Hodge looking at his own hands, exclaimed—"By jugo, its mine!"

Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, has petitioned Congress to refund the $100, paid by him to the Treasury of the United States in 1800, being the amount of a fine imposed by a Court sitting in Philadelphia, in consequence of a libel upon John Adams, then President of the United States, of which he was convicted under the Sedition Law of 1798. The six months imprisonment which he suffered for the same offence, he does not ask to have refunded

### TROUT FISHING.

We extract from Eugene Aram, the following account of the manner in which Corporal Bunting *did not catch a fine trout*. It is very spirited and correct. We recollect having once been in nearly the same situation; and although the Corporal's violet-fly and yellow dun sound rather more *sportsman-like* than grasshoppers and angle-dogs, yet our bait for once did as much good as the Corporal's, and, indeed, the *very same*.

Walter arrived at the banks of the little brooklet, and was awakened from his reverie by the sound of his own name. He started, and saw the old corporal seated on the stump of a tree, and busily employed in fixing to his line the mimic likeness of what anglers, and for aught we know, the rest of the world, call the "violet fly."

"Ha! master—at my day's work, you see—fit for nothing else now. When musket's half worn out, schoolboys buy it—pop it at sparrows. I be like the musket; but never mind—have not seen the world for nothing. We get *reconciled* to all things; that's my way—augh!

Now, sir, you shall watch me catch the finest trout you have seen this summer: know where he lies—under the bush yonder. Whi—sh sir! The Corporal now gave his warrior soul up to the due guidance of the violet-fly: now he whipped it lightly on the wave; now he slid it coquettishly along the surface; now it floated like an unconscious beauty, carelessly with the tide; and now, like an artful prude, it affected to loiter by the way, or to steal into designing obscurity under the shade of some overhanging rock. But none of these manœuvres captivated the wary old trout, on whose acquisition the corporal had set his heart; and what was especially provoking, the angler could see distinctly the dark outline of the intended victim as it lay at the bottom—like some well-regulated bachelor, who eyes from afar the charms he has discreetly resolved to neglect.

The corporal waited till he could no longer blind himself to the displeasing fact that the violet-fly was wholly inefficacious; he then drew up his line and replaced the contemned beauty of the violet-fly with the novel attraction of the yellow-dun.

"Now sir", whispered he, lifting up his finger, and nodding sagaciously to Walter. Softly dropped the yellow dun upon the water, and swiftly did it glide before the gaze of the latent trout; and now the trout seemed aroused from his apathy: behold, he moved forward, balancing himself on his fins; now he slowly ascended towards the surface; you might see all the speckles of his coat—the corporal's heart stood still—he is now at a convenient distance from the yellow dun; lo, he surveys it steadfastly; he ponders, he see-saws himself to and fro. The yellow dun sails away in affected indifference, that indifference whets the appetite of the hesitating gazer, he darts forward; he is opposite the yellow-dun—he pushes his nose against it with an eager rudeness—he—no, he dares not bite, he recoils, he gazes again with surprise and suspicion on the little charmer; he fades back slowly into the deeper water, and then suddenly turning his tail towards the disappointed bait, he makes off as fast as he can—yonder, yonder, and disappears! No, that's he leaping yonder from the wave; Jupiter! what a noble fellow! What leaps he at?—a real fly—"D—n his eyes!" growled the corporal.

The corporal is not the first "luckless wight," that has been obliged to resort in his piscatory emergencies to the following shift.

"Pray what sport have you had to day?"

"Oh—good, good sir," quoth the corporal, snatching his basket and closing the cover, lest the young squire should pry into it. No man is more tenacious of his secrets than your true angler. "Sent the best home two hours ago; one weighed three pound, on the faithof a man; indeed I'm satisfied now; time to give up;" and the corporal began to disjoint his rod.

### DIARY OF A SPORTSMAN.

It has been wisely said by men of olden times, that a poet must be a poet by birth, and that no education can communicate to him that inspiration which nature herself has neglected to infuse into his mind. It is not our province at this time to support or deny the truth of this position, but simply to advance another, viz. that a sportsman also is such only by birth. The propensity to indulge in field-sports, must develope itself in his very childhood; it must be to him as a sort of second nature; it must be a free, spontaneous impulse which cannot be resisted or controlled; which shall lead the mind imperceptibly to fasten itself upon the enjoyments to be received in the fields, or on the flood; and render the body impatient and comfortless when restrained from its favorite pursuit.

We are firmly satisfied of the correctness of this belief, from observing how very decided is the aversion to field-sports in one part of the community, while the other is equally sincere in its love for them. And this dislike, or this partiality, does not appear to vary in any one individual, in their degrees of strength; but in nearly every instance, continue the same at all times—undergoing no material alteration. If they do suffer change, the partiality is only confirmed, and the dislike augmented.

Our own fondness for sporting first manifested itself in an ardent love for angling. And here we would remark that we shall employ the term sporting as equally applicable to the use of the rod as the gun. Our first acquaintance with the rod (we mean the *angling* rod) commenced during our school-boy days, and bears even date with our earliest and happiest recollections. It was then our chief, and only unalloyed amusement, and served to sweeten many a tedious task, and many a heavy hour of scholastic slavery. If at any time we were degraded to the foot of the class, and our head disgraced with that vile badge the "foolscap," we would console ourself with the delightful reminiscences of the rod and line, and comfort ourself according. If at any time the master's rod visited upon our poor backs the iniquities and deficiencies of the head which surmounted it, that same head would be busily at work, with delicious thoughts of a much longer and less painful rod, and compensate thereby the poor body for the anguish it had caused it. If a neglected lesson occasioned a temporary imprisonment in a dark room, our fancy would beguile the dreary hours, and chase away the gloom, with the anticipated Saturday afternoon, and the overflowing basket of shining fish.

But our reminiscences of those holidays, are overcast by one gloomy cloud, which will forever remain above the horizon of our existence, and it will cast its shadow upon many bright hours to come, as it has done on many a blessed hour that has passed and gone. The thought of the painful accident which we are about to record, will often obtrude itself upon our mind when its reception is least welcome and least anticipated. In the very midst of our pleasure and hilarity it will mingle itself with our thoughts, like the abrupt visitations of death into a happy and rejoicing family-circle.

Charley ——, our earliest friend and schoolmate, was a noble, high-spirited little fellow, with a thousand good qualities, and no evil ones, that ever we could discover. He seemed to acquire the most difficult task as if by intuition, and while we were slowly bungling over its first paragraph, he would nimbly run it through to the end, and then lend a helping hand to extricate his friend from the quagmire of learning. He was in short, a kind of admirable Critchon, and sustained the lead in every thing. He was not only the best scholar, but also the staunchest champion, the fleetest runner, and, (what I consider to be most praiseworthy) the most adroit angler in school. Some how or other, he seemed to exercise a charmed influence over the fish, for they would at times leap at his hook with avidity, while they would turn up their honorable noses at our own, as if they scorned to perish by any other hand than his.

One bright Saturday afternoon in Summer, we were together as usual, at our old fishing station under the ancient rope walks (now removed) at the foot of the common, regardless of every thing in the universe, excepting the glorious nibbles which were constantly twitching the buoys of our lines under water. The prey was uncommonly plenty, and we protracted our diversion hour after hour, till at length the evening shadows that began to creep densely over the waves, admonished us to be gone. We were in the very act of departing, when to my unutterable agony, I heard one heart-rending scream, a plunge into the water—and poor Charley was lost forever. The tide was then coming in and every instant increasing; there was no help at hand, and we were both unable to swim. The agony of horror condensed into that one little moment, cannot be conceived, or expressed in volumes. It seemed, that if the sum of a whole life of misery, were united in one wretched instant, it could not have inflicted more intense torture, than I then felt. I looked on the darkening and turbulent waters as they hurried along, and saw the supplicating agony of his upcast look, and the convulsive motion of his limbs as he struggled with the elements, and without pausing to consider the consequences of the act, plunged in, in the vain attempt to seize the arm that was slowly sinking away from my sight;—but it eluded my eager hand, and his cry for help was choked by the angry waters forever. I had fortunately retained my grasp on the low timbers on which we had been standing at the time of the accident, and to this circumstance I owed my own preservation. I immediately raised an alarm, and search was speedily made with the aid of lanterns, but the body of poor Charley continued to slumber that night in the bosom of the billows. On the morrow it was discovered and followed to its narrow habitation, by his sorrowing school-mates, but none followed the little coffin with more heartfelt heart as compared with he who has endeavored to record the event.

The natives of old Massachusetts seem to possess a natural fondness for field-sports: and as the old musket which hangs over the ingle in the farmer's kitchen is transmitted from sire to son, and in this manner successively passes into the hands of many generations, so also, the ardent inclination to use it, is transmitted with it. As the venerable old man sits in the centre of his children, at the winter fireside, suffering his memory to return to the days of his youth, recounts to them the glories and the hardships of his revolutionary adventures, his finger naturally points to the time-worn weapon which occupies the peg over the mantle, and which was his companion in many a bloody field. Then does his eye kindle again with the martial spark, which the lapse of half a century has been unable to extinguish, as he remembers the day when he left his plough in the furrow of his father's field, and shouldered his musket and hurried away to have a shot at the red-coats at Lexington. Then does his aged bosom throb with excitement, as he calls to mind that bright morning when with hands trembling with ardor, he buckled his little knapsack to his shoulder, and hastened away with his father and brethren to fight under the eye of old Putnam, at Bunker Hill. He relates with almost childish exultation, how that hour after hour he continued to blaze away at the regulars, till at length not a cartridge remained in his box, and the point of his bayonet and the butt of his musket were the only means of defence. With that same well-tried weapon, and animated with the same patriotic spirit, he followed his darling Washington through the glorious wars of the Revolution, and shared in the perils of Yorktown, Trenton, Monmouth, Bennington, Ticonderoga, White-Plains, and Stony-Point.

If you enter any remote farm-house, embosomed amidst deep woods and lonely hills, you will find ancient muskets, and fowling pieces, deposited in every corner, and the huge powder horn, and rudely fashioned shot-belts depending from the wall. You will see also as trophies of rustic skill, huge antlers of the deer displayed with an ostentatious pride by the honest farmer, and the skin of the fox, or the body of the crow and hawk, nailed, *in terrorem*, against the broad barn-door. The former of these is transmitted as a family heir loom, and is valued accordingly, and is pointed out by the sire to the son, with much pardonable pride, as the relic of a noble species of game, often pursued and conquered in the days of his youth, but now, like the Indian race, nearly exterminated and unknown in the land.—*New-England Galaxy.*

From the Charleston Courier.

### CHARLESTON RACES.

Our annual Races commence to-morrow; and the great Match Race between Clara Fisher and Bonnets of Blue, for a purse of $10,000, takes place this day, over the Washington Course. The Racing Spirit among us was perhaps never at a higher point than it appears to be on the present occasion. Amateurs of the Turf, as well as the active promoters of its sports, have been crowding in upon us from North, South, and West; whilst private bets to a considerable amount are known to have been taken at least a month ago. Clara Fisher though not so capable of speed, is believed to possess those three qualifications of the *mule*, specified, among numberless others, as essential to the character of the good horse. In these she is considered as an over match for Col. Johnson's Bonnets of Blue. The following curious catalogue of the qualifications of a good horse, is drawn up by an old master of horsemanship: To be good and well made, a horse must have three parts like those of a woman, viz. the breast, which is to be broad, the hips round, the mane long; three of a lion, viz. countenance, integrity, and fire; three of a bullock, the eyes, nostrils, and joints; three of a sheep, the nose, gentleness, and patience; three of a mule, strength, constancy, and foot; three of a deer, head, legs, and hair short; three of a wolf, throat, neck, and hearing; three of a fox, ear, tail, and trot: three of a serpent, memory, sight, and turning; three of a hare or cat, running, walking, and suppleness. Had we a Horace, or some worthy successor of the accomplished author of the "*Racing*" among us, we might record in glowing verse the coming feats of our Carolina Champion, and her competitor for the prize from the "Old Dominion." The time was, according to the Roman Poet, when

Curriculo pulverem Olympium
Collegisse, metuque Persidæ
Et fuga potis, patemque nobilis,
Terrarum dominos evexit ad Deos.

Deputations from every state in Greece, assembled at Olympia, either to witness or take part in the manly exercises of the stadium, or the cæstus, or to join in the chariot or the horse race. Thirty days were usually taken up in preparing for the *honors* of the Turf: and it is reported that *Ladies* were sometimes candidates in the terrible yet graceful chariot race. The *utility* of the Ancient Games was never questioned. The schools in which the Grecian Youth was trained and prepared for those Games were supported, like almost every thing else among that wonderful people, at the *public expense*. The Poet tells us accordingly,

Qui studet equitum curru hortatagere metam,
Multa tuid fecitque puer; sudavit et alsit;
Abstinuit Venere et Baccho.

So great, indeed, was the renown attached to victory at the Olympic Course, that the tyrant Nero, having received (without meriting, however) the triumphant olive, in the chariot race, was so flattered by the distinction, that he presented *eight thousand pounds* to the Judges, and granted liberty to all Greece.—Altho' such be not the character of the Turf in modern times, nor such the incentives to victory, there is, nevertheless, much to beget emulation and enthusiasm in the race. On the present occasion, the *honor of the State* is at stake, as Clara Fisher is of Carolina blood and birth. The course has been effectually secured against *interlopers*; and though the sports may not be such as Jove was wont of old to relish, yet Cols. Singleton and Johnson *may*—a crowd of brilliant and fashionable spectators, we are satisfied, *will*.

The papers received by the packet ship Calhoun give us the particulars of the above race. The first heat it is said exhibited the finest racing ever witnessed on that course. It was run in seven minutes forty-five seconds, Clara Fisher coming nearly her length a head. The second heat was run in eight minutes five and a half seconds; Bonnets of Blue beating her antagonist; but Clara Fisher having become lamed, she was withdrawn on the third heat. The day was fine, and the concourse of spectators greater than ever before witnessed.

A Good House.—The following account of a horse, the property of Mr. Wade, the fox hunter, is given in No. 1 of the *English Sporting Magazine* for May.—"Blue Ruin, for that is the name of the horse, is about sixteen hands one inch high, and in the year 1815, then five years old, was bought at a country fair for thirty-five guineas, with the character of having run away with a buggy, and being violent in harness; he belonged to a gin distiller at Maidstone, and hence he derived his name of Blue Ruin. He is fully a three part bred horse, being got by Didler, dam by the Wellesley Arabian, out of a hunting mare. As soon as he was cleansed and fit to go, he showed symptoms of stoutness, and was put into the curricle against a known stoutone, with a jaunt of sixty two miles before him; this he did without the bridle taken out of his mouth, or being off his feed or at all being sick after it. He then carried a whipper-in for three seasons, during which he did many quick things, but was more thought of for stoutness than speed; he often carried the huntsman too, when other horses [illegible] when the whim was proposed to be huntsman, his first request was that the road horse" might be one of his; the request was complied with, and in this situation he continued until the hounds were disposed of. Blue Ruin was once lent for a day to that celebrated sportsman, Mr. Assheton Smith, and whether it was the horse or the man I know not, perhaps both—but nothing caught them for near an hour, nor would they then, if the fox could have gone further. Mr. Smith offered a very large sum for him. He is now in perfect health and spirits, and was never lame but once with cubs. He went lately twenty-two miles to London, was driven about the streets for three hours, and returned without feeding or being taken off. He has got his last master, and should there be the least failure of limb or constitution, he will receive the *coup de grace*.




### THE HUNTERS SONG.

Away, away! where the red deer lie
In the silent greenwood shades;
Away where the mountain winds go by
Through a thousand echoing glades—
When the lark looks out with her matin hymn,
When the morning dew shines clear,
When the last red stars are waning dim,
Then we chase the bounding deer
Far through the forest,
Far o'er the dell,
Far in the glens
Where the wood-nymphs dwell.

Our track is light, and the dew drops bright
We scarce disturb their shining;
As swift we pass o'er the scented grass
Which fays all night were twining;
Then a strain we wake o'er flood and brake
With the merry hunter's horn,
Thro' bending trees, where the morning breeze
Its cadence wafts along
Far through the forest &c.

Our couseers snuff the scented air,
And we swifter spur them on;
The cheated stag has left his lair,
And the timid doe and fawn;
O'er flowery turf and mossy crag
They're bounding light and free;
And see before the monarch stag
The forest tenants flee
Far through the forest &c.

Through lighted hall, at lady's call,
Our steps will be to night;
The chase well done, the spell well won,
We bow to beauty bright:
Where gay ones throng, where wine and song
And mirthful speech go round,
But with day's fair dawn, the hunters horn
Again on the hills shall sound
Far through the forest,
Far o'er the dell,
Far in the glens,
Where wood-nymphs dwell.

### TIGER HUNTING IN THE EAST INDIES.

Extract from a Letter containing an account of the death of Lieut. McMurdo, killed by a Tiger, near Jaulnah, September, 1830.

As you will probably like to hear the particulars of poor McMurdo's death, I give them to you as related by those who were with him. On Saturday last, the Potail of Mallegaum sent in to say a Tiger had been marked down, and three Officers, McMurdo of the H. A., Craigie, of the 28th, and Brett, of the 31st, went out to kill it. On arriving at the ground they learned there were three Tigers, and their lair was pointed out by the villagers. After beating for some time, the Tigers were on foot and Brett mortally wounded one of them, which, after a short struggle, died in a bush. They followed the others, and McMurdo got view of one of them, about sixty yards from him, which he fired at, but missed; the villagers from among the hills marked the brute into a clump of bushes, on the edges of a nullah; the circumference of these bushes was not more than sixty or seventy feet, and though they beat all round them, and thrust in sticks and the muzzles of their guns, the animals never moved.

They then proposed going on further to look for it, and poor McM. said, "Stop a moment till I put another ball in my gun." They were all three close together, and about a yard from the bush. Craigie and Brett stepped aside to look at the Tiger's foot prints, when suddenly they heard a tremendous roar, and looked round, saw the brute with McM. in his grasp; he fell instantly. Craigie fired both barrels into the animal, which rolled over with McM. into the nullah. Brett ran up, missed with one barrel and hit him on the head with the other. So instantaneous was the spring, and so close was McMurdo, that he had no time to use his gun; in fact, it was all over in a few seconds. Craigie and Brett had now to re-load. They saw the poor fellow in the nullah (which was very shallow) making all the resistance that man could make; his left arm thrust down the brute's throat; his right having been mangled in his vain attempts to extricate himself. Whilst his companions were re-loading, a bold fellow, a native, ran in, picked up McMurdo's gun, and fired the barrel that was primed into the animal, which then rolled over a few yards from the poor fellow; presently they heard him cry out, "Oh God! oh God! Craigie, Craigie, he is coming at me again!" Craigie and the villagers then attacked and despatched the beast with stones, the whole sad business happened in much less time than the recital can give you an idea of. Poor McM's state was most dreadful: his left thigh crushed to atoms, both arms dreadfully mangled and lacerated, two claw-marks on his face and his side much bruised. He was a man of the most immoveable nerve, and his courage was beyond every thing daring. He had killed two Tigers before, on foot; one of them by a shot which laid the animal at his feet almost touching him.

When the first Tiger on Saturday was wounded, it was struggling in a bush, and McM. went up and fired it with as much coolness, as if it had been a wounded hare. When it was pulled out, he gave a jump in the air, saying, "By Jove! what capital sport we shall have if we can get them all three." He was constantly out after wild animals, and meeting with adventures: was a capital and fearless horseman, and invariably a foremost rider in our hog hunts. He so entirely retained his presence of mind in his struggle with the Tiger, that he knew every shot that was fired, and when he spoke of the stones hitting it, the poor fellow smiled. He told Craigie to go and examine the beast, and see if he had not hit him when he took the shot at a distance. He said that for a month past he had an impression that he should meet with some accident, "but I had no idea it would be so bad as this, for I suppose I must lose my leg." His firmness never forsook him for a moment, after about two hours he complained of thirst, and spasms in the stomach, and was evidently sinking fast. He asked Craigie to loosen the silk handkerchief which had been applied as a tourniquet to stop the bleeding in the thigh; this, however, could not be done; he then became insensible, breathed hard for some time, then more and more faintly, and expired, without a groan or struggle, before medical aid could reach him. You may imagine how so fatal an adventure has affected all, though from his extraordinary daring, he was a man unlikely to come to a premature end. There was a strength of nerve in him as if nature had made him without the sense of fear: for, however critical his situation, he seemed unconscious of danger.

## Foreign Sports of the King.

### A PROMISING FAMILY.

After the parade, the crowd who had collected together from the neighborhood were amused with a foot-race, which ended in a pitched battle between two brothers, the father being bottle holder on the one side and the mother on the other. For some time previous to the fair the youths had been in training by their parents, the one being his mother's pupil, who made it her daily custom to give him a lesson in the barn, until she thought him tolerably perfect in the pugilistic art. As the age and the mother practised without boxing gloves, it was by no means uncommon for the one to draw blood in sparring, or to give one another a black eye. The other youth received instructions in theory and practice from his father, who was a no less skilful pugilist than his wife. The father and his sons kept their hands in use in settling their domestic quarrels, and generally one or two of them had a skirmish every time they went to a fair, or a dance; in fact, as often as they could find any body to fight with, an' some times they were all three engaged, fighting in the same room at once. Consequently they had obtained a very great celebrity, and most people who knew their mettle endeavoured at all public places to steer clear of their company.

On the Quarter Fair morning, the mother having had a set-to with her son, till they stopped once or twice to breathe, and fell to it again, said to him, "Jock, an no a wheet feart, if we're only gude stuff, that ye'll fick your brither Rab, back and side to his ain satisfaction."

"I have a gude mind to try the day, mither," said Jock, "if ye'll only stand by and see me get fair play."

The gudewife hinted as much to the gudeman, as she looked out his clothes for him, that "Rab wad na craw o'er Jock muckle langer for naething. The father took the first opportunity in coming into the fur to communicate this intelligence to Rab, adding, "just gie me a wink o'your e'e sforehan, if you do fight, that I may be no far aff."

Jock, among his other qualifications, was a good runner, and that day gained the foot-race, although he had to run twice, the first heat being so equally contested that it was decided to be a dead heat, and consequently to be run for again.

Rab seeing Jock out of wind after running, took time by the forelock to stir up the ill will that for some time had been increasing between them. "Jock," said he, "ye puff and blaw like a forshaughter cock, and canna rin ava."

"Will ye try me at dinging the smith's forge hammer?" said Jock, "and I'll let you see what I can do."

"Ye ken weel enough he has na gotten a hammer to fling, for ye ken as well as I do that the smith's straw stack was gotten the tap o'them a', to keep them out o' the gate," said Rab.

"Will you putt the stane then with me?" said Jock, and making his face at him, "or wad ye like to try me at ony thing else," immediately closing his fists and drawing up to his brother.

"Ye maun eat a bowl o'meal first before ye either putt the stane with me, or fight me either," answered Rab contemptuously, and stalked of to look up his father, who stood at a short distance to be ready.

Rab gave his father the signal, and returned to Jock, who by this time had got his mother beside him.

"Gie him a gude gowf in the lug," said his father, "and doner him at first, the first blow is half the battle."

"There they come, Jock," said this mother; "strip aff your claise a' to your breeks, and fight him in your bare buff."

In a few minutes, the challenge was given and accepted to; the crowd formed a ring, and the two brothers darted on each other as furiously as if they had been two bull-dogs.

In the first round, Rab displayed most science, although Jock was the most athletic and hit the hardest, but the blows were not so well directed.

"Hit him laigh, Jock," said his mother, as coolly as if she had been giving him a private lecture in the barn.

At the commencement of the second round, Jock closed on Rab, and throwing him back over his knee, struck him while down.

"That is a foul blow," exclaimed his father, springing on him behind his back, and grasping him with both his hands by the throat.

A mixed shout of laughter and disapprobation burst from the crowd, who broke through the ring as the husband and wife and their two sons were commencing battle royal.

Female Pugilists.—The following singular extract is from the London Journal of June, 1772.

"Boxing in public, at the Bear garden, is what has lately obtained very much among the men; but till last week we never heard of women being engaged in that way, when two of the feminine gender appeared for the first time on the theatre of war, at Hockly in the Hole, and maintained the battle for a long time with great valor, to the no small satisfaction of the spectators. The challenge and answers of these females being originals, we give them to our readers:—

"Challenge.—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box with me for three guineas; each woman holding half a crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops her money to lose the battle.

"Answer.—I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail—willing to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows, and from her no favor."

Their habits on the occasion were close jackets, short petticoats, Holland drawers, white stockings and pumps.


**Bardotte's Dressing Room,**
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Opposite Messrs. Thomas Stokes & Son.

It chanced that in strolling Broadway,
And glancing at all that is gay,
I entered the Room of Bardotte:
Was so charmed with what I there saw,
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Has spent several seasons in France,
And carefully studied the graces;
He gives to the gentlemen's hair,
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And spirit to that of their faces.

His Italian *tue*, holds a steel,
The roughest skin scarcely can feel,
It moves through the lather so soft;
And in short, to take off in all,
I'm so pleased that I surely shall call,
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SURGEON DENTISTS, 177 Broadway, a few doors from Courtlandt St. New-York, respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set of the best kind of teeth of every description. He also cleans, divides and fills hollow teeth and extracts in the best and most careful manner. All teeth shall be set with the greatest care and ease to the patient, and his charges shall be moderate. He also makes and has on hand the best of Tooth Powder at a reasonable price: and if it do not suit, after a person has tried it once with warm water at night, they are at liberty to return it, and receive their money. For a dentist to advise people respecting their teeth is very difficult; for many directly think that he advises for his own good, and not for the good of their teeth: and in this way, and by neglect of parents, thousands of young people's teeth begin to rot before they know it.

We shall be happy to wait upon those ladies and gentlemen who desire our attendance at their respective dwellings.

New York, February 4, 1832.



**Broadway News Room.**

FOUR doors below Maiden lane.—The subhas recently opened at his establishment, 168 Broadway, an extensive Subscription News Room which it is his intention to render as useful and interesting to the public as possible, being determined to spare neither exertion nor expense to attain that end.

The room is spacious, light and airy, and there are now spread about sixty newspapers, comprising all the Literary, Political, and Commercial Papers of the City, and most of those of the principal Cities and Town of the Union.

In addition to the above, a table will be supplied with all the Quarterly and many of the other literary and scientific Periodicals of our country.

Orders have been sent to England for the Edinburgh Review, the London Quarterly, Blackwood's and Fraser's Magazines, and it is the intention of the proprietor to make constant and valuable additions of the most popular publications of this country and of Europe.

To subscribers will be given the privilege of introducing their friends free of expense.

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N. B.—H. C. P. from his former practice for the Jew burying ground in Montreal, will be able to execute inscriptions in the Hebrew letter with greater facility and in a style superior to any of the trade in the city. dec 10



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**DENTIST**

***Dr. I. Francis,***

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set. He cleans, divides, and fills hollow teeth in the neatest manner; and warrants his *Antiodantalgic Wash*, as completely efficacious in curing the diseases of the gums, fastening loose teeth, preserving those that are carious from further decay; and is a certain cure for the tooth ache. His *Terè Metallic Incorruptible Teeth* are a real imitation of nature; and having passed the ordeal of fire in making them, they do not absorb the saliva so as to become offensive either to the taste or smell; no particle of food can adhere to them, so the breath remains sweet. The incorruptible teeth retain color, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty not surpassed by any. He also sets *Artificial Human Eyes* which cannot be distinguished from real, and will perform every motion of the eye, without giving the slightest pain. These wishing to favor him with their commands, will find his charges moderate. The room intended to every morning, from 7 to 8 o'clock, gratis. dec 24 1y



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